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{ From Beginning,  
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## AT BROOKS'S.

*(After Mr. Gladstone's Speech.)*

"A LUNATIC's notion  
I call it," said Goschen.

"Costing many a million,"  
Said G. O. Trevelyan.

"A gambler's last gamble,"  
Said Stratheden-and-Campbell.

"No cards left to play,"  
Said brisk Albert Grey.

"He played an old hand,"  
Chuckled out Henry Brand;

"And scored not one trick,"  
Said Sir John Lubbock quick.

"He plays much too fast,"  
Muttered Harcourt the Vast.

"I know it bewilders  
His partners," said Childers.

"He strikes with such heat,"  
Said Heneage, "I'm beat."

"And I'm tied to his anvil,"  
Sighed softly Lord Granville.

"And I'm of like kidney,"  
Responded Lord Sydney.

"You couldn't his wrath brook,"  
Said slyly Lord Northbrook.

"I was told to sit tight,"  
Said Lord Cork; "am I right?"

"'Tis more than I dare,"  
Said the Earl of Kenmare.

"We've dared all that man durst  
With conscience," said Sandhurst.

"I feel it most sorely;  
We're doomed," said Lord Morley.

Shouted Wolverton, "Well,  
We'll go with him to h—l."

Said Rosebery "Stay,  
Only part of the way."

St. James's Gazette.

G. W.

---

"RETURN UNTO THY REST."

RETURN! return! the Shepherd's voice is calling

From breezy heights and pastures fresh and sweet;

O'er the fair landscape are the shadows falling,  
And earth and sky in dim embraces meet.

Like fleecy clouds, in soft and woolly tumult,  
The cherished flocks, with bleatings oft,  
ascend,

And on the quiet air the tinkling sheep-bells  
With evening lullabies their music blend.

And thus they rest, in green and pleasant pastures,

And thus at eve for quiet folds they yearn.  
O soul of man, so weary of thy wandering,  
Unto thy resting-place return, return!

Unto the ark the dove returned at evening,  
Weary and baffled, by the flood distrest;  
He who was rest, the wanderer receiving,  
Folded her pinions on his tender breast.

Weary thy pinions, baffled, restless spirit,  
Made for the Infinite, for him we yearn;  
O'er land and sea his voice is ever calling—  
"Unto thy rest, O wanderer, return!"  
Sunday Magazine. CLARA THWAITES.

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TO MY FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY.

Now truly we  
In London town have got ahead of thee.  
Thou mayst outrun  
Us all too soon, but meanwhile we have won  
A glorious victory  
Over rusticity;  
And budding trees  
Thy servant sees  
Whilst thine still sleep in all their sylvan pride.  
Prithee, are yet thine almonds out?  
Speak truly, and small doubt  
But that the answer will with laurels crown  
my side.

Green now our grass  
As that o'er which thy rustic footsteps pass.  
Our dusky squares  
Sport many a branch that Spring's embroidery  
wears.  
Such foliage now endows  
Hyde Park's horse-chestnut boughs  
As well I know  
Thine cannot show;  
And ah, to think the Flower Walk should unfold  
Sights that, in certain borders trim,  
The watchful eyes of him  
To whom these lines I write do not, as yet behold!

And grudge us not  
Favors that sweeten for awhile our lot;  
But grant to us  
What Dives well can spare to Lazarus.  
Think of thy days to come,  
Thy overwhelming sun  
Of summer flowers,  
Thy fragrant showers  
Of rosy petals scenting night and day,  
Of all thy lilies blowing where  
Sweet sober lavender  
Borders with dainty spikes thy pleasant garden  
way.

St. James's Gazette.

E. F. M.

From Temple Bar.

## FREDERICK THE GREAT.\*

THIS volume is the first of a series, the conception of which is very happy. The great wars of the last thirty years have turned thoughtful minds to the military art; and a good school of military writers has been formed amongst us since the Crimean contest. No book, indeed, has appeared in this period that can be compared with Napier's admirable work; but General Hamley's profound treatise, Colonel Chesney's sketch of the campaign of 1815,† and the Staff College, and other essays, abundantly prove that British officers understand the teaching of the mighty conflicts which have agitated the world in this eventful century. It was a good idea, therefore, to attempt to make the science of war a popular subject, and to present to the public the lessons taught by military operations of the higher order, in the attractive form of short narratives of the lives and deeds of the greatest commanders. This little biography of Frederick the Great, so to speak, leads off the proposed set; but it falls short of what we had expected from it. Colonel Brackenbury, indeed, has studied his subject, if not thoroughly, at least carefully; and his general conclusions are fairly correct, though we dissent from some of his special inferences. Our praise, however, must end here; and, as an illustration of the art of war, in its developments of the eighteenth century—the avowed object of the publication—this sketch of the life of Frederick the Great cannot be pronounced of high merit. Whole chapters seem to us out of place—a serious fault in a little book; and surely the rise and growth of the Prussian monarchy, the vexed question of the Silesian claims, and the relations of Voltaire with Sans Souci, are topics that might have been fitly left out in a biography strictly of a military kind. In spite, too, of elaborate efforts that have consumed a space which could ill be spared, Colonel Brackenbury has

not distinctly portrayed the character of Frederick, as a man and a king; and he has not brought out vividly, and in clear relief, the striking personality of this great soldier, even as a warrior, and a chief of armies. As for the purely military part of the work, Colonel Brackenbury's view of what was achieved by Frederick, as a lasting contribution to the art of war, is sound and just, as far as it goes; but it is wanting in insight and feebly expressed; his expositions of Frederick's strategy are tolerably correct, but very imperfect, and in some instances are, we believe, wrong; and though he has certainly studied Frederick's tactics, his account of them is very far from adequate, and in some respects is altogether misleading. In a book, too, like this, we ought to have found a more complete and striking description of the existing state and conditions of warfare, when the art passed into Frederick's hands; and it does not contain an attempt to estimate his position and rank among the masters whose genius and skill have made war sublime. As regards the narrative, the mere descriptions of campaigns and battles are fairly accurate, though never graphic, full, and impressive; the reflections on them are very deficient in breadth and really deep intelligence; and after the bad fashion of the Prussian staff, they are overcrowded with petty details, which utterly perplex and bewilder a reader. The maps, too, borrowed from Carlyle, are not suited to a work of this kind; they give no idea of the different theatres on which Frederick conducted war; they fail to mark out, with any sort of clearness, the main and important strategic lines, and are indistinct from their minute completeness; and though they place battles more plainly before us, even in this respect they are very imperfect. A deficiency of a most extraordinary kind is, moreover, we think, displayed in this book. Napoleon has reviewed the campaigns of Frederick; and it is unnecessary to say, that what he has written on them is valuable in the very highest degree. Colonel Brackenbury, however, has not once alluded to those precious and masterly essays; and if we may judge from the internal evidence

\* *Frederick the Great*, by Colonel C. B. Brackenbury, R.A. London, 1884.

† Colonel Chesney, however, borrows too much from Charras, a very able but unscrupulous partisan, who purposely wrote to defame Napoleon.

supplied by his book in a hundred passages, we should say he had never read them at all.\*

Passing by what is not to the point in this book, we come to the author's real subject, the military career of Frederick the Great. Colonel Brackenbury tells us — and we agree with him — that "the strategy of the king was sometimes at fault," and that "there is not much in his general strategy to commend itself to students of war;" but he has nowhere indicated the essential features of Frederick's large operations in the field. In this supreme part of the military art, Frederick holds only a second-rate place; his conceptions are not equal to those of Turenne, a strategist of a very high order; and nothing in his campaigns can compare with Marlborough's march from the Moselle to the Danube, or with his masterly plan for the invasion of France, an anticipation of the Napoleonic daring. The Prussian chief, we need scarcely say, is not even to be named with Napoleon as respects the great combinations of war; he was utterly inferior to the first of strategists in splendor of design and scientific skill; and we seek in vain, throughout the Seven Years' War, for anything that resembles the moves that led to Jena, Ulm, and, above all, to Marengo. Frederick, indeed, shows badly beside Napoleon, in one of the best illustrations of strategic art, in which the emperor has been never rivalled — the operating against divided enemies, on the same theatre, at short distances, with an inferior but ably handled force: his career proves that he could not even conceive such dazzling but well-considered manœuvres as those which caused the triumphs on the Adige, and all but won success in 1814 against enemies fourfold in strength; and he was incapable of performing feats of this kind. Unquestionably, too, he often committed grave and inexcusable strategic errors, according even to the standard of his time, errors, too, not due to ignorance of facts,

or to the complication of problems before him — the causes of many great chiefs' mistakes — but to be ascribed to want of perception of some of the main principles of the art of war. Thus, more than once, when invading Bohemia, he divided his army into distinct masses on separate and distant lines of operation, and without the means of combining easily, and this in the face of a nearly collected enemy; and, on one occasion, he ran the immense risk of concentrating these disconnected units, within striking distance of a more powerful foe, and under the guns of a great fortress, a movement which would have cost him dear, had he had to deal with men like Eugene or Villars. Thus, again, he repeatedly failed or neglected to assail his dull antagonist Daun, when that general and the Austrian army stood isolated and exposed to attack; and, in return, he more than once left Daun in unbroken strength on his flank and rear, while he marched to encounter a distant enemy — faulty operations which might have been made fatal. Unequal, too, as we have seen, to the task of striking right and left against uniting enemies, before they had effected their union, and beating and breaking them up in detail, Frederick sometimes blundered, and was all but lost, when, as often happened in the Seven Years' War, he found himself in this grave position. Thus, strategically, he was quite out-generalled by Daun and Laudohn in 1760; he was, in fact, caught in these commanders' toils; and though, owing to Daun's remissness, he extricated himself by a successful battle, his operations were, in the main erroneous. Thus, too, again, in the following year, he was hemmed in, in the south of Silesia, by the Austrians and Russians, in overwhelming force; and, but for bad blood between the allied chiefs, or had Laudohn been in supreme command, he would probably have been utterly crushed, or have met the fate of Mack or Bazaine. Frederick's strategy, besides, was sometimes as rash as it was wanting in true scientific skill; and the ruin of his detachments at Maxen and Landshtut, perhaps his most glaring strategic mistakes, was directly due to imprudence or passion.

\* This statement may appear incomprehensible; but Colonel Brackenbury could hardly have written as he has done on Frederick's strategy and tactics, the last especially, had he cast an eye on Napoleon's "*Précis des Guerres de Frédéric*."

In spite, however, of grave defects, Frederick holds a distinctive place among strategists, and will retain it upon the stage of history. No general before him saw so clearly the advantage of the initiative in war, and the value, even with an inferior force, of a bold, rapid, and fierce offensive against halting or unprepared enemies. This great excellence is clearly seen, in the wars of his youth as in those of his manhood, until he was completely overmatched; and in this respect he certainly made a large improvement in the military art. Over and over again, he appeared in the field, and, though much weaker on the entire theatre, struck down ill-led or unready foes, by attacks prompt, energetic, and sudden, if occasionally ill-combined or directed; and in operations of this character he has, perhaps, been surpassed by Napoleon alone. Incapable too, as he certainly was, of the fine, delicate and complex manœuvres required to defeat in detail armies still apart, but within striking distance, he understood what was to be gained by moving against antagonists, as yet separated by large intervals, on a wide theatre; and comparatively simple as this strategy is, he showed great qualities in carrying it into effect. Thus he could rush off from the Elbe to the Saale, or to the Oder from the Bohemian passes, neglecting the foe in his immediate neighborhood, to assail another at a wide distance, and so to prevent or retard their union; and in several instances these movements show extraordinary force of will and character, though often defective in pure strategy. By these operations he certainly gave a celerity to war before unknown; he disconcerted the Lorraines and the Dauns from the same cause, if in a less striking way, as Napoleon, in a succeeding age, astounded the Beaulieus, the Wurmsers, the Macks; and in this particular he undoubtedly was far in advance of the conceptions of his time. Some of Frederick's marches, too, were brilliant in the extreme, and were followed by great, nay, decisive, success. We do not, indeed, like Colonel Brackenbury, consider his movement, within Bohemia, in 1758, under the beard of Daun, as worthy of commendation at all;

it was in the nature of a false movement, as Napoleon has conclusively proved, and can be justified only by the simple fact that Laudohn had closed the Silesian passes; and rapid as it was, the march that led to the battle of Liegnitz was bad strategy. But the advance against Soubise that was followed by Rosbach, that against Daun that was crowned by Leuthen, that by which, after the carnage of Zorndorf, Dresden was set free in the campaign of 1758, that which, in the same year raised the siege of Neisse, notwithstanding the terrible defeat of Hochkirch, and finally, the movements through which Schweidnitz was captured in 1762—all these are specimens of strategic power, not wonderful, indeed, but of undoubted merit.

If a strategist only of the second order, Frederick nevertheless thus caused the art to make distinct and decided progress, though his strategic success, it must be allowed, was largely due to the inferiority, with one great and brilliant exception, or to the divided counsels, of feeble opponents. In what may be called tactics, in the highest sense, that is, the dispositions made by a general to bring about an impending contest, Frederick was, occasionally, able in the extreme, yet he sometimes committed serious mistakes. His arrangements to strike Soubise at Rosbach, as that fribble tried a flank march before him, turned the French army into a horde of fugitives; they resemble those by which Salamanca was won; but they were very inferior to those through which Napoleon crushed the allies at Austerlitz, teaching dull pedants of "the oblique order" how a great commander can destroy a foe who ventures to make a flank march in his front. In the greater as in the lesser tactics, Leuthen is the masterpiece of the Prussian king; his skilful manœuvres before the battle made his attack alike decisive and safe; and as Napoleon has shown, he contrived to change his line of operations before his enemy, a movement executed with great ability, and which not only baffled Daun in the field, but brought Frederick's campaign to a brilliant close. On the other hand, the king not seldom fell into grave

errors in this sphere of his art. Like many generals who cannot grasp the situation with perfect command, he more than once neglected to bring up his forces in collected strength to the field of battle, depriving himself of large detachments unnecessarily reserved for some minor purpose, and so lessening and perhaps destroying the chances of success on the decisive point. Thus he left Keith isolated, and all but useless, before assailing Lorraine at Prague, withdrawing from his army a powerful wing, which, had its weight been thrown into the scale, would have made his victory more certain and easy; and, instead of meeting a terrible defeat, he possibly would have won at Kunnersdorf had he not made a detachment to occupy Frankfort. In this respect, as in all that relates to the main parts of war, there is no comparison between Frederick and his greatest successor; but in truth Napoleon has been never equalled in the art of bringing up all available men to co-operate in an important battle. Notwithstanding, too, all that has been said, the dispositions of the Prussian chief before Kolin were very faulty; his plan of attack at Torgau was bad; and it is not justified by the mere accident which plucked safety, and even success, from defeat. In one branch of the military art, which may be referred to the higher tactics, the preparing for, and the conduct of sieges, Frederick was very markedly wanting in skill; his engineers did not know their business; and, in fact, a decline may be distinctly traced in siege operations during the Seven Years' War. His capture of Schweidnitz was very brilliant; but his sieges of Olmütz, of Prague, of Dresden, were ill conceived and even worse directed.

In what are usually called tactics, that is the handling of troops in actual battle, the excellence of Frederick was very great, though occasionally his mistakes were serious. He had admirable *coup d'œil*, and was daring to a fault; and accordingly he possessed the faculty of seeing the right moment to strike his foe, and to launch his soldiery with marked effect. In this, however, he was surpassed by Marlborough, for the perfect insight of the English chief was seconded by unerring judgment; and passion and rashness sometimes got the better of the understanding of the Prussian king. Frederick's distinctive merit as a tactician is that he was before his age in the theory of the art, and that if he did not altogether design, he certainly perfected modes of

attack, occasionally, no doubt, ill applied or abused, but original, brilliant, and very effective. The author of this book has dwelt on this topic, but we are not satisfied with his account of it. A diligent observer from earliest youth of the evolutions of troops at the Potsdam reviews, Frederick seems to have distinctly perceived that the elements of force which make up an army were capable of being put to better uses than had been the case in the wars of the past; and, accordingly, he brought about, or at least, completed, changes in the array and order of battles, and in the management of the three arms on the field, attended with great and lasting results. Thus abandoning rules which laid down that armies ought to be drawn up in a prescribed fashion, without regard to the character of the field, he adapted his formations to the nature of the ground, with a skill and judgment before unknown; and to this simple circumstance some of his success was due. So too — a change in the same direction — he disregarded the old routine, in which cavalry, in most instances, engaged only on the flanks of an army, artillery was stationary along the front, and infantry fought in opposite lines; and he illustrated, by many fine examples, how each arm can be fitly employed, at the right moment, in any part of the field, and, in this way, is most truly effective. From this improved management, it almost followed that the three arms, in the hands of Frederick, acquired a celerity and power scarcely known before; cavalry, launched wherever they could act best, astonished foes by their crushing charges; artillery, wheeled by the aid of horses, and rapidly moved to favorable points, was more effective than it had been before;\* and infantry, employed where it was most formidable, accomplished results seldom known previously. A revolution was thus wrought in tactics; and, as Frederick always assumed the offensive, this was chiefly seen in the modes of attack which, as we have said, were due to him. The most remarkable of these methods, and that for which he is most famous, consisted in the direction he gave to the best of his arms on the field of battle. Possessing infantry that moved more quickly, was better trained, and fired with more effect, than the sluggish Austrian and Russian masses, he readily perceived that, by manœuvring, troops of this kind could

\* The tremendous effects, however, of the concentrated fire of masses of guns were not understood in the days of Frederick; this was developed by Napoleon.

be made to reach the most vulnerable parts of an enemy's line, and that, if once there, great results should follow; and accordingly, in five-sixths of his battles, he aimed at gathering on the flank of his foe, throwing back one wing of his well-handled footmen, and swinging the other quickly round, the evolution, in several instances, obtaining complete and decisive success. Unquestionably, however, the king abused this mode of attack in some well-known cases; at Kolin and Zorndorf the outflanking movement was a flank march of extreme rashness in front of a concentrated enemy, in both engagements with bad results, incapable as were the allied chiefs; and it is evident, in fact, that what is known as the "attack in oblique order" ought to be only tried, and should only succeed, under certain conditions. It is an excellent thing, as Napoleon observes, to get round on your antagonists' flank; but in making the attempt you must almost always expose your own, and incur risk; and, unless the attacking army be much the better of the two, as invariably was the case with Frederick, or unless it is greatly superior in force — the Germans at Gravelotte had this advantage\* — or unless, as at Leuthen, the manœuvre be in the nature of a complete surprise, the operation must be always hazardous, and in some circumstances may assure defeat.

It is not, however, on scientific skill in conducting campaigns, or directing battles, that the renown of Frederick mainly depends. He was, in the truest sense, a consummate warrior; a born king and leader of men; gifted, in the highest degree, with the moral qualities required to make a great chief of armies. Severe in the field, and rigid in discipline, he nevertheless possessed the secret of winning his men to the profoundest sympathy — in victory and defeat they were devoted to him; and he obtained from them astonishing efforts beyond the power of any general of the time. His mastery over the Prussian soldiery resembled that which "Corporal John," notwithstanding

disgraceful faults and vices, had over the rugged English nature; nor was it surpassed by the magical influence which, in Wellington's phrase, made Napoleon's presence in the field equal to forty thousand men. Yet even this was not the most distinctive trait of Frederick as a leader in war. It is perhaps the truest remark in this book that the king was never so great as after defeat; and this was due to his iron will, too unbending, no doubt, but not to be swayed by adverse fortune to weak purposes, and to constancy stern, unflinching, heroic. Thus after Kolin, in 1757, the situation of Frederick appeared hopeless; he had been routed in a great pitched battle; a victorious adversary was in arms against him; and hosts of enemies from west, north, and east, were gathering around him in overwhelming numbers. Yet, steadily maintaining a firm attitude, he disconcerted and baffled Daun; and, extracting himself from the verge of ruin, he found time to crush Soubise by the Saale, and to end the campaign in triumph at Leuthen. So, again, after immense loss at Zorndorf, he marched on Dresden, as though he had scarcely suffered; defeated at Hochkirch, with great slaughter, he nevertheless plucked Neisse from the foe; and, having been all but destroyed in 1761, he emerged victorious in 1762. In this great faculty of resisting misfortune, Frederick, we think, certainly surpassed Napoleon; for, though allowance must be, in justice, made for the precarious nature of the emperor's power — his sole title to rule was success — and for the quality of French soldiers — in attack terrible, but weak in defeat — still after Moscow, and after Waterloo, we believe Napoleon failed to display the undaunted firmness of the Prussian king. We know indeed of two chiefs only who, in modern war, have rivalled Frederick in confronting adversity, and, as sometimes happens, in ultimately obtaining decided success. William III. was, over and over again, beaten by the skilful generals of Louis XIV.; in fact he was not an able commander; yet he really triumphed at the Peace of Ryswick; and he was the true architect of the Grand Alliance which curbed the pretensions of France at Utrecht. Blücher, however, affords the closest resemblance, in this respect, to the career of Frederick; and Blücher, it may be observed, made his apprenticeship in arms in the Seven Years' War. Compared to Napoleon the Prussian marshal was a mere illiterate, though a daring soldier; and he was repeatedly

\* At Gravelotte, however, had Bazaine been a general, the turning movement probably would have been arrested by the Imperial Guard, and the battle have remained drawn. Had Napoleon commanded the French army, to judge from precedents set by him, he would have fallen fiercely on the German right after the terrible losses it suffered in its attack; and had he succeeded, the French would have won the day, great as was their inferiority in force. In that event the turning movement which decided the battle would not have been attempted, and the Germans would have found their communications gravely imperilled, to say the least.

baffled, out-generalled, routed, by the terrible art of his great antagonist. Yet after many disasters on the Marne, in the memorable campaign of 1814, Blücher is still found on the emperor's flank, unconquerable, tenacious, impossible to destroy; and, struck down and seemingly crushed at Ligny, the veteran rises superior to fortune, confounds the scheme of the most profound of strategists, and makes the celebrated cross march from Wavre, which, seconded by Wellington's efforts in the field, brings the First Empire to a close at Waterloo.

The whole Seven Years' War, and its great results, in fact witness, with striking truth, to Frederick's stern and invincible constancy. He deliberately confronted a League of the Continent; maintained, during a long period, a contest with Austria, France, and Russia, supported by Sweden and many German States; and, with resources that sink into seeming nothingness, compared to those of the great hostile powers, came triumphant out of the unequal struggle. It should be observed, moreover, that when he entered on, and even continued, this terrible strife, he could not foresee the repeated errors, in council and war, which often reduced the coalition to weak impotence; and, up to the last moment, he would have perhaps succumbed had he not maintained his offensive attitude. The result must be pronounced most glorious; and, but for the strength of will of this mighty soldier, it must have been altogether different. The national legend is, no doubt, untrue, that Prussia, singly, proved the match of Europe; and the "miraculous vanishes," as Napoleon remarks, after an attentive study of Frederick's exploits. The coalition, throughout the Seven Years' War, never once put forth its united strength; and the efforts it made were checked and paralyzed in an extraordinary way by bad generalship, by divided councils, and by tricks of policy. In 1756, and the first half of 1757, Frederick had to deal with Austria alone; Maria Theresa in fact was, throughout the war, his only mortal foe; and though Russian armies entered Berlin, gained one victory of supreme importance, and more than once overran Silesia, Russia carefully avoided an internecine conflict. France, too, made a mere war of parade; the government at least of Louis XV., though it placed large armies upon the Rhine, was unwilling or unable to turn them to account; and a mere contingent proved equal to cope with the leading military power of the Continent. The generals, besides, op-

posed to Frederick, apart from the brilliant and vigorous Laudohn, were incapable, or could not agree with each other; the Soubises and Clermonts were mere shadows; Daun, though a stout and tenacious soldier, was dull, plodding, and not able; and Fermor and Soltykoff were at daggers drawn with the Austrian commanders when in the field with them. In addition to this the allied courts had different and even conflicting objects; France had no real wish to dismember Prussia; Russia fought only to prove her arms or to gratify the pique of an angry woman; and this divergence of aim, in complete contrast with Austria's ambition and thirst for revenge, led to disunion, and even to bickerings and disputes. Wars of invasion, too, it must be remembered, were very much slower and more difficult than they have become in the present century; and Thiers, moreover, has acutely remarked that the allies certainly felt compunction at the notion of striking down a legitimate king, a sentiment not felt in the case of Napoleon. These things explain how it came to pass that a coalition, tenfold in strength, did not annihilate Prussia and her king, and that a military power of the third order was able, under an illustrious leader, to contend against the great States of the Continent. Yet this does not detract, in the slightest degree, from Frederick's high and undoubted merit; it merely shows that his heroic constancy was not of a supernatural kind, and was seconded by circumstances that made success possible; in Napoleon's language, "it does not lessen, it justifies and explains, the great reputation" deservedly won by this mighty warrior.

This account of the career of Frederick enables us to disengage, as it were, his personality from the facts of his life, and to present it fairly before the reader. He had not the supreme gifts of genius in war; the splendor of imagination, and the calculating power which, aided by study and vast experience, made Napoleon the first of modern strategists, are not visible in the king's campaigns; and, unlike Marlborough, he had not the advantage of serving under a man like Turenne. His perception, however, within certain limits was clear, intelligent, prompt, and accurate; and this, seconded by intense force of will, enabled him to accomplish important results, even in the large operations of war, and to improve, in some measure, this branch of his art. He was versed in tactics from early youth, and was well read in tactical theories; and this knowl-

edge, and the special gifts of admirable *coup d'œil*, and readiness in the field, and of a judgment sometimes, indeed, perverted by rashness, passion, and contempt of his foes, but in most instances sound and well-balanced, made him infinitely the best tactician of his day, and led to a revolution in tactical science. A kind of mannerism, however, it must be admitted, may be observed in his conduct of battles; to this some of his defeats may be traced; and pedantic sciolists have not only written much sorry stuff about his modes of attack, but have been taught by tremendous examples how perilous it may be to apply generally supposed rules deduced from his teaching. Frederick, too, unquestionably made more mistakes, especially in the great operations of war, than most generals of a very high order; intellectually, we would not place him above Moreau or the archduke Charles; and in calmness, soberness, and accuracy of view, he certainly was surpassed by Marlborough. Yet he stands pre-eminent among the warriors of his time, and this not only because they were, as a rule, men of inferior stamp, but because his mental powers were extremely great, and because he possessed the moral faculties of energy, constancy, and strength of character, in a degree exceeded by no commander. This is his best title to permanent fame; it is a title not to be gainsaid or questioned by those who really understand war; and it places Frederick if not in the first, in a foremost rank among great captains. If we measure him, too, by the test of success, no general, perhaps, has achieved more; alone and almost unaided, he braved a hostile continent arrayed against him, and he came out of the struggle victorious. This test, however, is not worthy of trust: Zama closed the astonishing career of Hannibal; Napoleon died on a rock in the ocean.

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From Good Words.

THIS MAN'S WIFE.

A STORY OF WOMAN'S FAITH.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

BOOK II.—THE THORNY WAY.

CHAPTER IV.

DR. LUTTRELL'S TROUBLES.

DR. LUTTRELL had taken a rake, and gone down the garden, according to his custom, and, as soon as he had left the

house, Mrs. Luttrell went to the window and watched him; after which, with a sorrowful face, she went back into the drawing-room, to sit down and weep silently for a few minutes.

"It breaks my heart to see her poor sad face, and it's breaking his, though he's always laughing it off, and telling me it's all my nonsense. Oh, dear me! oh, dear me! how is it all to end!"

She sat rocking herself to and fro for a few minutes, and then jumped up hastily.

"It's dreadful, that it is!" she sighed; "but I can't stop here alone. Yes! I thought so!" she cried, as she went to the window, where she could catch sight of the doctor, rake in hand, but not using it, according to his wont, for he was resting upon it, and thinking deeply.

Mrs. Luttrell snatched at a great grey ball of worsted and her needles, and went down the garden, making the doctor start as she reached his side.

"Eh? What is it?" he exclaimed. "Anything wrong at the Manor?"

"Wrong! what nonsense, dear!" said the old lady cheerily. "I'm sure, Joseph, you ought to take some medicine. You grow quite nervous!"

"What made you come, then?" he cried, beginning to use his rake busily.

"Why, I thought I'd come and chat while you worked, and—Joseph, my dear, don't—don't look like that!"

"It's of no use, old girl," said the doctor with a sigh; "we may just as well look it boldly in the face. I'm sick of all this make-believe."

"And so am I, dear. Let us be open."

"Ah, well! I will. Who is a man to be open to if not to his old wife?"

"There!" sobbed Mrs. Luttrell, making a brave effort over herself, and speaking cheerfully. "I'm ready to face everything now!"

"Even poverty, my dear?"

"Even poverty! What does it matter to us? Is it so very bad, dear?"

"It could not be worse. We must give up this house, and sell everything."

"But Hallam?"

"Is a scoundrel!—no! no! I won't say that of my child's husband. But I cannot get a shilling of him; and when I saw him yesterday, and threatened to go to Sir Gordon—"

"Well, dear?"

"He told me to go if I dared."

"And did you go?"

"Did I go, mother? Did I go?—with poor Milly's white face before my eyes, to denounce her husband as a cheat and

a rogue! He has had every penny I possessed for his speculations, and they seem all to have failed."

"But you shouldn't have let him have it, dear."

"Not let him have it, wife! How could I refuse my own son-in-law? Well, there, our savings are gone, and we must eat humble pie for the future. I have not much practice, now, and I don't think my few patients will leave me because I live in a cottage."

"Do you think if I went and spoke to Robert it would do any good?"

"It would make our poor darling miserable. She would be sure to know. As it is she believes her husband to be one of the best of men. Am I, her father, to be the one who destroys that faith? Hush! here is some one coming!"

For there was a quick, heavy step upon the gravel walk, and Christie Bayle appeared.

"I thought I should find you," he said, shaking hands warmly. "Well, doctor, how's the garden? Why, Mrs. Luttrell, what black currants! There! you may call me exacting, but tithe, ma'am, tithe — I put in my claim at once for two pots of black currant jam. Those you gave me last year were invaluable."

Mrs. Luttrell held his hand still, and laughed gently.

"Little bits of flattery for a very foolish old woman, my dear."

"Flattery! when I had such sore throats I could hardly speak, and yet had to preach! Not much flattery, eh, doctor?"

"Flattery? No, no!" said the doctor dreamily.

He glanced at Mrs. Luttrell, then at Bayle, who went on chatting pleasantly about the garden, and then checked him suddenly.

"No one can hear us, Bayle. We want to talk to you — my wife and I."

"Certainly," said Bayle; and his tone and manner changed. "Is it anything I can do for you?"

"Wait a moment — let me think," said the doctor sadly. "Here, let's go and sit down under the yew hedge."

Bayle drew Mrs. Luttrell's hand through his arm, and patted it gently, as she looked up tenderly in his face, a tenderness mingled with pride, as if she had part and parcel in the sturdy, manly Englishman who led her to the pleasant old rustic seat in a nook of the great green, closely clipped wall, with its glorious prospect away over the fair country-side.

"I do love this old spot!" said Bayle enthusiastically, for a glance at the doctor showed that he was nervous and hesitating, and he thought it well to give him time. "Mrs. Luttrell, it is one of my sins that I cannot master envy. I always long for this old place and garden."

"Bayle!" cried the doctor, laying his hand upon the curate's knee, and with his former hesitancy chased away by an eager look, "are you in earnest?"

"In earnest, my dear sir? What about?"

"About — about the old place — the garden?"

"Earnest? yes; but I am going to fight it down," cried Bayle, laughing.

"Don't laugh, man. I am serious — things are serious with me."

"I was afraid so; but I dared not ask you. Come, come, Mrs. Luttrell," he continued gently, "don't take it to heart! Troubles come to us all, and when they do there is their pleasant side, for then we learn the value of our friends, and I hope I am one."

"Friend, my dear!" said Mrs. Luttrell, weeping gently, "I'm sure you have always seemed to me like a son. Do, pray do, Joseph, tell him all."

"Be patient, wife, and I will — all that I can."

The doctor paused and cleared his throat, while Mrs. Luttrell sat with her hand in the curate's.

"You have set me thinking," said the doctor at last; "and what you said is like a ray of sunshine in my trouble."

"He's always saying things that are like rays of sunshine to us in our trouble, Joseph," said Mrs. Luttrell, looking up through her tears at the earnest countenance at her side.

"Bayle, I shall have to lose the old place — the wife's old home, of which she is so proud — and my old garden. It's a bitter blow at my time of life, but it must come."

"I was afraid there was something very wrong," said Bayle; "but suppose we look the difficulties in the face. I'm a bit of a lawyer, you know, my dear doctor. Let's see what can be done. I want to be delicate in my offer, but I must be blunt. I am not a poor man, my wants are very simple, and I spend so little — let me clear this difficulty away. There, we will not bother Mrs. Luttrell about money matters. Consider it settled."

"No," said the doctor firmly, "that will not do. I appreciate it all, my dear boy, truly; but there is only one way out of

this difficulty — the old place must be sold."

"Oh, Joseph, Joseph!" sighed Mrs. Luttrell, and the tears fell fast.

"It must be, wife," said the doctor firmly. "Bayle, after what you said, will you buy the old home? I could bear it better if it fell into your hands."

"Are you sure that it must be sold?"

"There is no other way out of the difficulty, Bayle. Will you buy it?"

"If you tell me that there is certainly no other way out of the difficulty, and that it is your wish, and Mrs. Luttrell's, I will buy the place."

"Just as it stands — furniture — everything?"

"Just as it stands — furniture — everything."

"Ah!" ejaculated the doctor with a sigh of relief. "Thank God, Bayle!" he cried, shaking the curate's hand energetically. "I have not felt so much at rest for months. Now I want you to tell me a little about the town — about the people. What do they say?"

"Say?"

"Yes; say about us — about Hallam — about Millicent, and about our darling?"

"My dear doctor, I shall have to go and fetch old Gemp. He will point at game, and tell you more in half an hour than I shall be able to tell you in a year. Had we not better change the conversation? — here is Mrs. Hallam with Julia."

For just then the garden gate clicked, and Millicent came into sight, with her child, the one grave and sad, the other all bright-eyed eagerness and excitement.

"There they are, mamma — in the yew seat!" And the child raced across the lawn, bounded over a flower-bed, and leaped upon the doctor's knee.

"Dear old grandpa!" she cried, throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him effusively, but only to leap down and climb on Mrs. Luttrell's lap, clasping her neck, and laying her charming little face against the old lady's cheek. "Dear, sweet old grandma!" she cried.

Then, in all the excitement of her young hilarity, she was down again to seize Bayle's hand.

"Come and get some fruit and flowers. We may, mayn't we, grandpa?"

"I'm sure we may," said Bayle, laughing, "only I must go."

"Oh!" cried the child pouting, "don't go, Mr. Bayle! I do like being in the garden with you so very very much!"

Mrs. Hallam turned her sweet, grave face to him.

"Can you give her only a few minutes? Julia will be so disappointed."

"There!" cried Bayle merrily, "you see, doctor, what a little tyrant she grows. She makes every one her slave."

"I don't!" said the child, pouting. "Mamma always says a run in the garden does me so much good, and it will do Mr. Bayle good too. Thibs says he works too hard."

"Come along, then," he cried, laughing; and the man seemed transformed, running off with the child to get a basket, while Millicent gazed after them, her sweet, sad face looking brighter, and the old people seemed to have forgotten their troubles, as they gazed smilingly after the pair.

"Bless her!" said Mrs. Luttrell, swaying herself softly to and fro, and passing her hands along her knees.

"Yes, that's the way, Milly. Give her plenty of fresh air, and laugh at me and my tribe."

Then quite an eager conversation ensued, Mrs. Hallam brightening up; and on both sides every allusion to trouble was, by a pious kind of deception, kept out of sight, Millicent Hallam being in the fond belief that her parents did not even suspect that she was not thoroughly happy, while they were right in thinking that their child was ignorant of the straits to which they had been brought.

"Why, we are quite gay this morning!" cried Mrs. Luttrell; "or, no; perhaps he comes as a patient, he looks so serious. Ah, Sir Gordon, it is quite an age since you were here!"

"Yes, madam; I'm growing old and gouty, and — your servant, Mrs. Hallam," he said, raising his hat. "Doctor, I wish I had your health. Ah, how peaceful and pleasant this garden looks! They told me — old Gemp told me — that I should find Bayle here. I called at his lodgings — bless my soul! how can a man with his income live in such a simple way! The woman said he was out visiting, and that old scoundrel said he was here. Egad! I believe the fellow lies in wait to hear everything. Eh? Ah, I'm right, I see!"

Just then there was a silvery burst of childish laughter, followed by a deep voice shouting, "Stop thief! stop thief!" Then there was a scampering of feet, and Julia came racing along, with her dark curls flying, and Christie Bayle in full pursuit, right up to the group by the yew hedge.

"She ran off with the basket!" cried Bayle. "Did you ever see — ah, Sir Gordon!" he cried, holding out a currant-stained hand.

"Humph!" cried Sir Gordon grimly, raising his glass to his eye, and looking at the big, brown, fruit-stained fingers; "mighty clerical, 'pon my honor, sir! Who do you think is coming to listen to a parson on Sundays who spends his weeks racing about gardens after little girls? No, I'm not going to spoil my gloves; they're new."

"I — I don't think you ought to speak to — to Mr. Bayle like that, Sir Gordon!" cried Mrs. Luttrell, flushing and ruffling up like a hen. "If you only knew him as we do —"

"Oh, hush, mamma dear!" said Mrs. Hallam, smiling tenderly, and laying her hand upon her mother's arm.

"Yes, my dear; but I cannot sit still and —"

"Know him, ma'am!" said Sir Gordon sharply. "Oh, I know him by heart; read him through and through! He was never meant for a parson; he's too rough!"

"Really, Sir Gordon, I —"

"Don't defend me, Mrs. Luttrell," said Bayle merrily. "Sir Gordon doesn't like me, and he makes this excuse for not coming to hear me preach."

"Well, little dark eyes!" cried Sir Gordon, taking Julia's hand, and leading her to the seat. "Ah, that's better! I do get tired so soon, doctor. Well, little dark eyes!" he continued, after seating himself, and drawing the child between his knees, after which he drew a clean, highly scented cambric handkerchief from his breast pocket, and leaned forward. "Open your mouth, little one," he said.

Julia obeyed, parting her scarlet lips.

"Now put out your tongue."

"Is grandpa teaching you to be a doctor?" said the child innocently.

"No; but I wish he would, my dear," said Sir Gordon, "so that I could doctor one patient myself. Out with your tongue."

The child obeyed, and the baronet gravely moistened his handkerchief thereon, and, taking the soft little chin in one gloved hand, carefully removed a tiny purple fruit-stain."

"That's better. Now you are fit to kiss." He bent down, and kissed the child slowly. "Don't like me much, do you Julia?"

"I don't know," said the child, looking up at him with her large, serious eyes. "Sometimes I do, when you don't talk crossly to me; but sometimes I don't. I don't like you half so well as I do Mr. Bayle."

"But he's always setting you hard les-

sons, and puzzling your brains, isn't he?"

"No," said the child, shaking her head. "Oh, no! we have such fun over my lessons every morning! But I do like you too — a little."

"Come, that's a comfort!" said Sir Gordon, rising again. "There, I must go. I want to carry off Mr. Bayle — on business."

Mrs. Hallam glanced sharply from one to the other, and then, to conceal her agitation, bent down over her child, and began to smooth her tangled curls.

#### CHAPTER V.

##### SIR GORDON BOURNE ASKS QUESTIONS.

"I WANT a few words with you, Bayle," said Sir Gordon, as the pair walked back towards the town.

"Shall we talk here, or will you come to my rooms?" and he indicated Mrs. Pinet's house, to which he had moved when Hallam married.

"Your rooms? No, man; I never feel as if I can breathe in your stuffy lodgings. How can you exist in them?"

"I do, and very happily," said Bayle, laughing. "Shall we go to your private room at the bank?"

"Bless my soul! no, man!" cried Sir Gordon hastily. "The very last place. Let's get out in the fields and talk there. More room, and no tattling, inquisitive people about. No Gemps."

"Very good," said Bayle, wondering, and very anxious at heart, for he knew the baronet's proclivities.

They turned off on to one of the footpaths, chatting upon indifferent matters, till all at once Sir Gordon exclaimed, —

"'Pon my honor, I don't think I like you, Bayle."

"I'm very sorry, Sir Gordon, because I really do like you. I've always found you a true gentleman at heart, and —"

"Stuff, sir! silence, sir! Egad, sir, will you hold your tongue? Talking such nonsense to a confirmed valetudinarian with a soured life, and — no! I don't want to talk about myself. I was going to say that I did not like you."

"You did say so," replied the curate, smiling.

"Ah! well, it's the truth. Why do you stop here?"

"To annoy you, perhaps," said Bayle, laughing. "Well, no; I like my people, and I'm vain enough to think I am able to do a little good."

"You do, Bayle, you do," said Sir Gor-

don, taking his arm and leaning upon him in a confidential way. "You're a good fellow, Bayle; and Castor here would miss you horribly, if you left."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"It is not nonsense, sir. Why you do more good among the people in one year than I have done in all my life."

"Well, I think I have amerced you pretty well lately, for my poor, Sir Gordon."

"Yes, man, but it was your doing. I shouldn't have given a shilling. But look here, I was going to say, why is it that I come to you, and make such a confidant of you?"

"Do you wish to confide something to me now?"

"Yes, of course; one can't go to one's solicitor, and I've no friends. Plenty of club acquaintances; but no friends. There, don't shake your head like that, man. Well, only a few. By the way, charming little girl that."

"What, little Julie?" cried Bayle, with his cheeks flushing with pleasure.

"Yes; and your prime favorite, I see. I don't like her though. Too much of her father."

"She has his eyes and hair," said Bayle thoughtfully; "but there is the sweet, grave look in her face that her mother used to wear when I first came to Castor."

"Hush! silence! hold your tongue!" cried Sir Gordon impatiently. "Look here; her father; I want to talk about him."

"About Mr. Hallam?"

"Yes. What do you think of him now?"

Bayle laid his hand upon Sir Gordon's.

"We are old friends, Sir Gordon; I know your little secret, you know mine. Don't ask me that question."

"As a very old, trusty friend I do ask you. Bayle, it is a duty. Look here, man; I hold an important trust in connection with that bank. I'm afraid I have not done my duty. It is irksome to me, a wealthy man, and I am so much away yachting. Let me see; you never have had dealings with us."

"No, Sir Gordon, never."

"Well, as I was saying, I am so much away. You are always feeling the pulses of the people. Now, as you are a great deal at Hallam's, tell me as a friend in a peculiar position, what do you think of Hallam?"

"Do you mean as a friend?"

"I mean as a business man, as our manager. What do the people say?"

"I cannot retail to you all their little tattle, Sir Gordon. Look here, sir, what do you mean? Speak out."

Sir Gordon grew red and was silent for a few minutes.

"I will be plain, Bayle," he said at last.

"The fact is I am very uneasy."

"About Hallam?"

"Yes. He occupies a position of great trust."

"But surely Mr. Trampleasure shares it."

"Trampleasure shares nothing. He's a mere dummy, a bank ornament. There, I don't say I suspect Hallam, but I cannot help seeing that he is living far beyond his means."

"But you have the books—the statements?"

"Yes; and everything is perfectly correct. I do know something about figures, and at our last audit there was not a penny wrong."

Bayle drew a breath full of relief.

"Every security, every deed was in its place, and the bank was never in a more prosperous state."

"Then of what do you complain?"

"That is what I do not know. All I know, Bayle, is that I am uneasy, and dissatisfied about him. Can you help me?"

"How can I help you?"

"Can you tell me something to set my mind at rest, and make me think that Hallam is a strictly honorable man, so that I can go off again yachting. I cannot exist away from the sea."

"I am afraid I can tell you nothing, Sir Gordon."

"Not from friend to friend?"

"I am the trusted friend of the Hallams. I am free of their house. They have entrusted a great deal of the education of their child to me."

"Well, tell me this. You know the people. What do they say of Hallam in the town?"

"I have never heard an unkind word respecting him, unless from disappointed people, to whom, I suppose from want of confidence in their securities, he has refused loans."

"That's praising him," said Sir Gordon.

"Do the people seem to trust him?"

"Oh! certainly."

"More praise. But do they approve of his way of living? Hasn't he a lot of debts in the town?"

Bayle was silent.

"Ah! that pinches. Well, now does not that seem strange?"

"I know nothing whatever of Mr. Hal-

lam's private affairs. He may perhaps have lost his own money, and his indebtedness be due to his endeavors to recoup himself."

"Yes," said Sir Gordon drily. "What a lovely day!"

"It is delightful," said the curate, with a sigh of relief, as they turned back.

"I was going to start to-morrow for a run up the Norway fiords."

"Indeed; so soon?"

"Yes," said Sir Gordon drily; "but I am not going now."

They parted at the entrance of the town, and directly after the curate became aware of the fact that old Gemp was looking at him very intently.

He forgot it the next moment as he entered his room, to be followed directly after by his landlady, who drew his attention to a note upon the chimney-piece in Thickens's formal, clerkly hand.

"One of the schoolchildren brought this, sir; and, begging your pardon," cried the woman, coloring indignantly, "if it isn't making too bold to ask such a thing of you, sir, don't you think you might say a few words next Sunday about Poll-prying, and asking questions?"

"Really," said Bayle, smiling, "I'm afraid it would be very much out of place, Mrs. Pinet."

"Well, I'm sorry you say so, sir, for the way that Gemp goes on gets to be beyond bearing. He actually stopped that child, took the letter from him, read the direction, and then asked the boy who it was from, and whether he was to wait for an answer."

"Never mind, Mrs. Pinet; it is very complimentary of Mr. Gemp to take so much interest in my affairs."

"It made me feel quite popped, sir," cried the woman; "but of course it be no business of mine."

Bayle read the letter, and changed color, as he connected it with Sir Gordon's questions, for it was a request that the curate would come up and see Thickens that evening on very particular business.

#### CHAPTER VI.

#### JAMES THICKENS MAKES A COMMUNICATION.

"MASTER'S in the garden feeding his fish," said the girl, as she admitted Bayle.

"I'll go and tell him you're here, sir."

"No; let me go to him," said Bayle quietly.

The girl led the way down a red-brick floored passage, and opened a door,

through which the visitor passed, and then stood looking at the scene before him.

There was not much garden, but James Thickens was proud of it, because it was his own. It was only a strip, divided into two beds by a narrow walk of red bricks — so many laid flat with others set on edge to keep the earth from falling over, and sully the well-scrubbed path, which was so arranged by its master that the spigot of the rain-water butt could be turned on now and then and a birch broom brought into requisition to keep all clean.

Each bed was a mass of roses — dwarf roses that crept along the ground by the path, and then others that grew taller till the red brick wall on either side was reached, and this was clambered, surmounted, and almost completely hidden by clusters of small blossoms. No other flower grew in this patch of a garden, but save in the very inclement weather there were always buds and blossoms to be picked, and James Thickens was content.

From where Bayle stood he could see Thickens kneeling down at the side of the great bricked and cemented tank that extended across the bottom of his and the two adjoining gardens, while beyond was the steam-mill, where Mawson the miller had introduced that great power to work his machinery. He it was who had contrived the tank for some scheme in connection with the mill, and had then made some other plan after leading into it through a pipe the clear water of the dam on the other side of the mill, and arranging a proper exit when it should be too full. Then he had given it up as unnecessary, merely turning into it a steam-pipe, to get rid of the waste, and finally had let it to Thickens for his whim.

There was a certain prettiness about the place seen from the bank clerk's rose garden. Facing you was the quaintly built mill, one mass of ivy from that point of view, while numberless strands ran riot along the stone edge of the tank, and hung down to kiss the water with their tips. To the left there was the great elder clump, that was a mass of creamy bloom in summer, and of clustering black berries in autumn, till the birds had cleared all off.

As Bayle stood looking down, he could see the bank clerk upon his knees, bending over the edge of the pool, and holding his fingers in the water.

Every now and then he took a few crumbs of broken, well-boiled rice from a

basin at his side, and scattered them over the pool, while, when he had done this, he held the tips of his fingers in the water.

He was so intent upon his task, that he did not hear the visitor's approach, so that when Bayle was close up, he could see the limpid water glowing with the bright scales of the golden orange fish that were feeding eagerly in the soft evening light. Now quite a score of the brilliant, metallic creatures would be making at the crumbs of rice. Then there would be as many — quite a little shoal — that were of a soft, pearly silver, while mingled with them were others that seemed laced with sable velvet or purple bands.

The secret of the hand-dipping was plain too, for, as Thickens softly placed his fingers on the surface, first one, and then another, would swim up and seem to kiss the ends, taking therefrom some snack of rice, to dart away directly with a flourish of the tail which set the water all a ripple, and made it flash in the evening light.

Thickens was talking to his pets, calling them by many an endearing name as they swam up, kissed his finger-tips, and darted away, till, becoming conscious of the presence of some one in the garden, he started to his feet, but stooped quickly again to pick up the basin, dip a little water, rinse out the vessel, and throw its contents far and wide.

"I did not hear you come, Mr. Bayle," he said hastily.

"I ought to have spoken," replied the curate gravely. "How tame your fishes are!"

"Yes, sir, yes. They've got to know people from being petted so. Dip your fingers in the water, and they'll come."

The visitor bent down and followed the example he had seen, with the result that fish after fish swam up, touched a white finger-tip with its soft, wet mouth, and then darted off.

"Strange pets, Mr. Thickens, are they not?"

"Yes, sir, yes. But I like them," said Thickens, with a droll look sidewise at his visitor. "You see the water's always gently warmed from the mill there, and that makes them thrive. They put one in mind of gold and silver, sir, and the bank. And they're nice companions; they don't talk."

He seemed then to have remembered something. A curious rigidity came over him, and though his visitor was disposed to linger by the pool where, in the evening light, the brightly colored fish glowed

like dropped flakes of the sunset, Thickens drew back for him to pass, and then almost backed him into the house.

"Sit down, please, Mr. Bayle," he said, rather huskily; and he placed a chair for his visitor. "You got my note, then?"

"Yes, and I came on. You want my —"

"Help and advice, sir; that's it. I'm in a cleft stick, sir — fast."

"I am sorry," said Bayle earnestly, for Thickens paused. "Is it anything serious?"

Thickens nodded, sat down astride a windsor chair, holding tightly by the curved back, and rested his upper teeth on the top, tapping the wood gently.

Bayle waited a few moments for him to go on; but he only began rubbing at the top of the chair back, and stared at his visitor.

"You say it is serious, Mr. Thickens."

"Terribly, sir."

"Is it — is it a monetary question?"

Thickens raised his head, nodded, and lowered it again till his teeth touched the chair back.

"Some one in difficulties?"

Thickens nodded.

"Not you, Mr. Thickens? You are too careful a man?"

"No; not me, sir."

"Some friend?"

Thickens shook his head, and there was silence for a few moments, only broken by the dull sound of the clerk's teeth upon the chair.

"Do you want me to advance some money to a person in distress?"

Thickens raised his head quickly, and looked sharply in his visitor's eye; but only to lower his head again.

"No. No," he said.

"Then will you explain yourself?" said the curate gravely.

"Yes. Give me time. It's hard work. You don't know."

Bayle looked at him curiously, and waited for some minutes before Thickens spoke again.

"Yes," he said suddenly, and as if his words were the result of deep thought; "yes, I'll tell you. I did think I wouldn't speak after all; but it's right, and I will. I can trust you, Mr. Bayle?"

"I hope so, Mr. Thickens."

"Yes, I can trust you. I used to think you were too young and boyish, but you're older much, and I didn't understand you then as I do now."

"I was very young when I first came, Mr. Thickens," said Bayle, smiling. "It was almost presumption for me to under-

take such a duty. Well, what is your trouble?"

"Give me time, man; give me time," said Thickens fiercely. "You don't know what it is to be in my place. I am a confidential clerk, and it is like being torn up by the roots to have to speak as I want to speak."

"If it is a matter of confidence, ought you to speak to me, Mr. Thickens?" said Bayle gravely. "Do I understand you to say it is a bank matter?"

"That's it, sir."

"Then why not go to Mr. Dixon?"

Thickens shook his head.

"Mr. Trampleasure? or Sir Gordon Bourne?"

"They'll know soon enough," said Thickens grimly.

A curious feeling of horror came over Bayle as he heard these words, the cold, damp dew gathered on his brow, his hands felt moist, and his heart began to beat heavily.

He could not have told why this was, only that a vague sense of some terrible horror oppressed him. He felt that he was about to receive some blow, and that he was weak, unnerved, and unprepared for the shock, just when he required all his faculties to be at their strongest and best.

And yet the clerk had said so little, nothing that could be considered as leading up to the horror the hearer foresaw. All the same though, Bayle's imagination seized upon the few scant words — those few dry bones of utterance, clothed them with flesh, and made of them giants of terror before whose presence he shook and felt cowed.

"Tell me," he said at last, and his voice sounded strange to him, "tell me all."

There was another pause, and then Thickens, who looked curiously troubled and grey, sat up.

"Yes," he said, "I'll tell you all. I can trust you, Mr. Bayle. I don't come to you because you are a priest, but because you are a man — a gentleman who will help me, and I want to do what's right."

"I know — I believe you do, Thickens," said the curate huskily, and he looked at him almost reproachfully, as if blaming him for the pain that he was about to give.

He felt all this. He could not have explained why, but as plainly as if he had been forewarned, he knew that some terrible blow was about to fall.

Thickens sat staring straight before him now, gnawing hard at one of his nails,

and looking like a man having a hard struggle with himself.

It was a very plainly furnished but pleasant little room, whose wide, low window had a broad sill upon which some half-dozen flowers bloomed, and just then, as the two men sat facing each other, the last glow of evening lit up the curate's troubled face, and left that of Thickens more and more in the shade.

"That's better," he said with a half laugh; "I wish I had left it till it was dark. Look here, Mr. Bayle, I've been in trouble these five years past."

"You?"

"Yes, sir. I say it again, I've been in trouble these six or seven years past, and it's been a trouble that began like a little cloud as you'd say — no bigger than a man's hand; and it grew slowly bigger and bigger, till it's got to be a great thick, black darkness, covering everything before the storm bursts."

"Don't talk riddles, man; speak out."

"Parables, Mr. Bayle, sir, parables. Give me time, sir, give me time. You don't know what it is to be a man who has trained himself from a boy to be close and keep secrets, to have to bring them out of himself and lay them all bare."

"I'll be patient; but you are torturing me. Go on."

"I felt it would, and that's one of the things that's kept me back, sir. But I'm going to speak now."

"Go on."

"Well, sir, a bank clerk is trained to be suspicious. Every new customer who comes to the bank is an object of suspicion to a man like me. He may want to cheat us. Every cheque that's drawn is an object of suspicion because it may be a forgery, or the drawer may not have a balance to meet it. Then money — the number of bad coins I've detected, sir, would fill a big chest full of sham gold and silver, so that one grows to doubt and suspect every sovereign one handles. Then, sir, there's men in general, and even your own people. It's a bad life, sir, a bad life, a bank clerk's, for you grow at last so that you even begin to doubt yourself."

"Ah! but that is a morbid feeling, Thickens."

"No, sir, it's a true one. I doubt myself. I've had such a fight as you couldn't believe, doubting myself, and whether I was right, but I think I am."

"Well," said the curate, smiling a faint, dejected smile; "but you are still keeping me in the dark."

"It will be light directly," said Thickens fiercely, "light that is blinding. I dread almost to speak and let you hear."

"Go on, man; go on."

"I will, sir. Well, for years past I've been in doubt about our bank."

"Dixons', that every one trusts?"

"Yes, sir, that's it. Dixons' has been trusted by everybody. Dixons', after a hundred years' trial, has grown to be looked upon as the truth in commerce. It has been like a sort of money mill set going a hundred years ago, and once set going, it has gone on of itself, always grinding coin."

"But you don't mean to tell me that the bank is unsafe? Man, man, it means ruin to hundreds of our friends."

He spoke in an impassioned way, but at the same time he felt more himself; the vague horror had grown less.

"Hear me out, sir; hear me out," said Thickens drily. "Years ago, sir, I began to doubt, and then I doubted myself, and then I doubted again, but even then I couldn't believe. Doubts are no use to a man like me, sir; he must have figures, and figures I couldn't get to prove it, sir. I must be able to balance a couple of pages, and then if the balance is on the wrong side there's something to go upon. It has taken years to get these figures, but I've got them now."

"Thickens, you are torturing me with this slow preamble."

"For a few minutes, sir," said the clerk pathetically — "for an hour. It has tortured me for years. Listen, sir. I began to doubt — not Dixons' stability, but something else."

The vague horror began to increase again, and Christie Bayle's hands grew more damp.

"I have saved a little money, and that and my writings were in the bank. I withdrew everything. Cowardly? Dishonest? Perhaps it was; but I doubted, sir, and it was my little all. Then you'll say, if I had these doubts I ought to have spoken. If I had been sure perhaps I might; but I tell you, sir, they were doubts. I couldn't be false to my friends though, and where here and there they've consulted me about their little bits of money I've found out investments for them, or advised them to buy house property. A clergyman for whom I changed a cheque one day, said it would be convenient for him to have a little banking account with Dixons', and I said if I had an account with a good bank in Lon-

don I wouldn't change it. Never change your banker, I said."

"Yes, Thickens, you did," said the curate eagerly, "and I have followed your advice. But you are keeping me in suspense. Tell me, is there risk of Dixons' having to close their doors?"

"No, sir, no; it's not so bad as that. Old Mr. Dixon is very rich, and he'd give his last penny to put things straight. Sir Gordon Bourne is an honorable gentleman — one who would sacrifice his fortune so that he might hold up his head. But things are bad, sir, bad. How bad I don't know."

"But, good heavens, man! your half-yearly balance-sheets — your books?"

"All kept right, sir, and wonderfully correct. Everything looks well in the books."

"Then how is it?"

"The securities, sir," said Thickens, with his lip quivering. "I've done a scoundrelly thing."

"You, Thickens? You? I thought you were as honest a man as ever trod this earth!"

"Me, sir?" said the clerk grimly. "Oh, no! oh, no! I'm a gambler, I am."

The vague horror was dissolving fast into thin mist.

"You astound me!" cried Bayle, as he thought of Sir Gordon's doubts of Hallam. "You, in your position of trust! What are you going to do?"

The grim smile on James Thickens's lip grew more saturnine as he said, —

"Make a clean breast of it, sir. That's why I sent for you."

"But, my good man! — oh, for Heaven's sake! go with me at once to Sir Gordon and Mr. Hallam, I ought not to listen to this alone."

"You're going to hear it all alone," said James Thickens, growing still more grim of aspect; "and when I've done you're going to give me your advice."

Bayle gazed at him sternly, but with the strange oppression gone and the shadow of the vague horror fading into nothingness.

"I'm confessing to you, sir, just as if I were a Roman Catholic, and you were a priest."

But I decline to receive your confession on such terms, James Thickens," cried Bayle sternly. "I warn you that, if you make me the recipient of your confidence, I must be free to lay the case before your employers."

"Yes, of course," said Thickens with

the same grim smile. "Hear me out, Mr. Bayle, sir; you'd never think it of me, who came regularly to church, and never missed — you'd never think I had false keys made to our safe; but I did. Two months ago in London."

Bayle involuntarily drew back his chair, and Thickens laughed — a little hard, dry laugh.

"Don't be hard on the man, Mr. Bayle, who advised you not to put your money and securities in at Dixons'."

"Go on, sir," said the curate sternly.

"Yes, I will go on!" cried Thickens, speaking now excitedly, in a low, harsh voice. "I can't carry on that nonsense. Look here, sir," he continued, shuffling his chair closer to his visitor, and getting hold of his sleeve, "you don't know our habits at the bank. Everything is locked up in our strong room, and Hallam keeps the key of that, and carefully too! I go in and out there often, but it's always when he's in the room, and when he is not there he always locks it, so that, though I tried for years to get in there, I never had a chance."

"Wretched man!" cried Bayle, trying to shake off his grip, but Thickens's fingers closed upon his arm like a claw.

"Yes, I was wretched, and that's why I had the keys made, and altered again and again till I could get them to fit. Then one day I had my chance. Hallam went over to Lincoln, and I had a good examination of the different securities, shares, deeds — scrip of all kinds — that I had down on a paper, an abstract from my books."

"Well, sir?"

"Well, sir? Half of them are not there. They're dummies tied up and docketed."

"But the real deeds?"

"Pledged for advances in all sorts of quarters. Money raised upon them at a dozen banks, perhaps, in town."

"But — I don't understand you, Thickens; you do not mean that you —"

"That I, Mr. Bayle!" cried the clerk passionately. "Shame upon you? — do you think I could be such a scoundrel, such a thief?"

"But these deeds, and this scrip, what are they all?"

"Valuable securities placed in Dixons' hands for safety."

"And they are gone?"

"To an enormous amount."

"But, tell me," panted Bayle, with the horror vague no longer, but seeming to have assumed form and substance, and to

be crushing him down, "who has done this thing?"

"Who had the care of them, sir?"

"Thickens," cried Bayle, starting from his chair, and catching at the mantel-piece, for the room seemed to swim round, and he swept an ornament from the shelf, which fell with a crash, "Thickens, for Heaven's sake, don't say that."

"I must say it, sir. What am I to do? I've doubted him for years."

"But the money — he has lived extravagantly; but, oh! it is impossible. It can't be much."

"Much, sir? It's fifty thousand pounds if it's a penny!"

"But, Thickens, it means felony, criminal prosecution, a trial."

He spoke hoarsely, and his hands were trembling.

"It means transportation for one-and-twenty years, sir; perhaps for life."

Bayle's face was ashy, and with lips apart he stood gazing at the grim, quiet clerk.

"Man, man!" he cried at last; "it can't be true."

"Do you doubt, too, sir? Well, it's natural. I used to, and I tried to doubt it; a hundred times over when I was going to be sure that he was a villain, I used to say to myself as I went and fed my fish, it's impossible, a man with a wife and child like —"

"Hush! for Heaven's sake, hush!" cried Bayle passionately, and then with a burst of fury, he caught the clerk by the throat. "It is a lie; Robert Hallam could not be such a wretch as that!"

"Mr. Bayle, sir," said Thickens calmly, and in an appealing tone; "can't you see now, sir, why I sent to you? Do you think I don't know how you loved that lady, and how much she and her bright little fairy of a child are to you? Why, sir, if it hadn't been for them I should have gone straight to Sir Gordon, and before now that scoundrel would have been in Lincoln jail."

"But you are mistaken, Thickens. Man, man, think what you are saying. Such a charge would break her heart, would brand that poor, innocent child as the daughter of a felon. Oh, it cannot be!" he cried excitedly. "Heaven would not suffer such a wrong."

"I've been years proving it, sir; years," said Thickens slowly; "and until I was sure, I've been as silent as the dead. Fifty thousand pounds' worth of securities at least have been taken from that safe, and dummies fill up the spaces.

Why, sir, a score of times people have wanted these deeds, and he has put them off for a few days till he could go up to London, raise money on others, and get those wanted from the banker's hands."

"But you knew something of this, then?"

"Yes, I knew it, sir—that is, I suspected it. Until I got the keys made, I was not sure."

"Does—does any one else know of this?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah!" ejaculated Bayle, with quite a moan.

"Robert Hallam, sir."

"Oh!" ejaculated Bayle, drawing a breath full of relief. "You have not told a soul?"

"No, sir. I said to myself, there's that sweet lady and her little child; and that stopped me. I said to myself, I must go to the trustiest friend they have, sir, and that was you. Now, sir, I have told you all. The simple truth. What am I to do?"

Christie Bayle dropped into a chair, his eyes staring, his blanched face drawn, and his lips apart, as he conjured up the scene that must take place—the arrest, the wreck of Millicent Hallam's life, the suffering that must be her lot. And at last, half maddened, he started up, and stood with clenched hands gazing fiercely at the man who had fired this train.

"Well, sir," said Thickens coldly, "will you get them and the old people away before the exposure comes?"

"No," cried Bayle fiercely; "this must not—shall not be. It must be some mistake. Mr. Hallam could not do such a wrong. Man, man, do you not see that such a charge would break his wife's heart?"

"It was in the hope that you would do something for them, sir, that I told you all this first."

"But we must see Mr. Dixon and Sir Gordon at once."

"And they will—you know what."

"Oh! the matter must be hushed up. It would kill her!" cried Bayle incoherently. "Mr. Thickens, you stand there like this man's judge; have you not made some mistake?"

Thickens shook his head and tightened his lips to a thin line.

"Do you not see what it would do? Have you no mercy?"

"Mr. Bayle, sir," said Thickens slowly, "this has served you as it served me. It's so stunning that it takes you off your

head. Am I, the servant of my good masters, knowing what I do, to hide this from them till the crash comes first—the crash that is only a matter of time? Do you advise, do you wish me to do this?"

Christie Bayle sat with his hands clasp- ing his forehead, for the pain he suffered seemed greater than he could bear. He had known for long enough that Hallam was a harsh husband and a bad father; but it had never even entered his dreams that he was other than an honest man. And now he was asked to decide upon this momentous matter, when his decision must bring ruin, perhaps even death, to the woman he esteemed, and misery to the sweet, helpless child he had grown to love.

It was to him as if he were being exposed to some temptation, for even though his love for Millicent had long been dead, to live again in another form for her child, Christie Bayle would have gone through any suffering for her sake. And now as he bent down there the struggle was almost greater than he could bear.

And there for long he sat, crushed and stunned by this terrible stroke that had fallen upon him, and was about to fall upon the helpless wife and child. His mind seemed chaotic. His reasoning powers failed, and as he kept clinging to little scraps of hope, they seemed to be snatched away.

It was with a heart full of grief mingled with rage that he started to his feet at last, and faced Thickens, for the clerk had again spoken in measured tones.

"Mr. Bayle, what am I to do?"

The curate gazed at him piteously, as he assayed to speak; but the words seemed smothered as they struggled in his heart.

Then, by a supreme effort, he mastered his emotion, and drew himself up.

"Once more, sir, what am I to do?"

"Your duty," said Christie Bayle, and with throbbing brain he turned and left the house.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

MOSS FROM A ROLLING STONE.

BY LAURENCE OLIPHANT.

SOME SPORTING REMINISCENCES.

JUST three-and-thirty years have elapsed since I wrote my first article in *Maga*. It was entitled "A Sporting Settler in Ceylon," and was a review of Mr. (now Sir Samuel) Baker's most graphic and enter-

taining book, "The Rifle and the Hound in Ceylon." I ventured to suggest to the late Mr. John Blackwood that, as I had taken part in many of the incidents that are there described, and had participated in some of those striking episodes of sport, I might be allowed to try my 'prentice hand at reviewing the book. Till then I had been more familiar with the use of the gun than of the pen; but the former has been long since laid aside in favor of the latter, and, on the whole, I think more sport can be got out of society than out of any herd of elephants, provided that you know where the weak spots lie, and your aim be accurate. Whether the effects which result to the literary sportsman in search of social quarry, are comparable from a moral and physical point of view with those which are involved in the pursuit of *feræ naturæ* is a very different question; and when I look back to the years '49 and '50, and remember the keen, unmitigated delight with which I anticipated a day in the jungle with the dogs, I doubt whether any more healthy or innocent form of enjoyment exists than the chase in wild, tropical mountains of the grand animals with which they abound.

For this purpose there is no spot more delightfully situated than Newera Ellia, the sanatorium of Ceylon. It is a small plain, now partially converted by artificial means into a lake, surrounded by mountains, the highest rising to a height of nearly nine thousand feet above the sea, and two thousand above the plain. Six-and-thirty years ago these highlands were all heavily timbered, as their elevation was too great for coffee-planting. I believe, however, that since they have been found adapted to the cultivation of tea and cinchona, plantations have taken the place of the thick jungle, which in those days was abundantly stocked with elephants, cheetahs, elk, wild boar, and many other descriptions of large game. So numerous and daring were these animals, that the footprints of elephants which had been paying a nocturnal visit to the kitchen garden were often to be seen among the cabbages; the loud bark of the elk was constantly audible from the house; and on more than one occasion cheetahs were killed making depredations upon the live stock. Upon one of these the bold forager came down and carried off a calf from the lawn at midday—not, however, without being observed. We followed him up so closely that he was obliged to drop his prey not many hundred yards

after entering the jungle; and set three spring-guns, covering the carcass, feeling assured that the cheetah would return. We were not disappointed; an hour had scarcely elapsed before we heard the guns go off, and on rushing to the spot found the traces of blood, which we followed until we reached the animal breathing his last gasp. He was a fine specimen, but not so large as another which we captured alive in a trap, which we had baited with a kid. Although at this distance of time I have forgotten his exact dimensions, he was the largest I ever saw, and I preserved his skin for many years.

In those days there were generally two and sometimes three packs of hounds at Newera Ellia, each consisting of eight or ten couple; and at certain seasons I went out elk-hunting on foot—for the jungle was too thick to ride through—almost every morning, sometimes being in at the death of two of these noble animals before midday. The sambre, or elk, as he is popularly called, usually stands about thirteen hands high, and has magnificent antlers. When brought to bay he makes a gallant fight for it; and as it was not considered orthodox to carry any other weapon than a long hunting-knife, the final struggle was generally exciting, and by no means devoid of risk. The sport was rendered doubly enjoyable by the contrast it presented to the life in the plains. One left Colombo with a thermometer ranging perhaps from 90° to 95°, and in twenty-four hours one was enjoying the blaze of a crackling wood fire, glad to turn into bed under a thick blanket, and in the early morning to turn out again and find the edges of the puddles on the road fringed with a thin coating of ice. The reaction from the enervating heats that had been escaped, produced a delightful feeling of exhilaration, which was increased by the pleasures of anticipation, as one followed the experienced master of the pack and his dog-boy into the jungle, with the certainty, whichever beat one tried, of a scramble through splendid scenery, and the chance of some wild adventure by "flood or fell." Down all these wooded valleys dashed mountain torrents, in one of which the instinct of the elk would most probably bring him to bay; while here and there the forest ended abruptly, and enclosed island-like patches of open land, of greater or less extent, covered with long, coarse grass, to which the game would also be very apt to turn, trusting to his superior fleetness in the open as a means of escape. There

were always two or three greyhounds, or Scotch deerhounds, with the pack, to provide for this contingency; and these were kept in a leash, to be slipped as soon as the game broke cover, or, in the event of a bay, to be despatched in aid of the less powerful hunting dogs. These, as a rule, were not necessarily thorough-bred, it being found that well-bred dogs were apt to get too keen, and lose themselves in their ardent pursuit of their game — falling, probably, a prey to the cheetahs; while your cur would abandon the chase when he found himself too far from home, and prudently return to the bosom of his family.

One of the inconveniences — as it constituted also one of the excitements — of this sport was, that you were liable at any moment to come upon game that you were not looking for, and did not want to find. I remember upon one occasion, after listening to the music of the dogs in the distance as they were apparently crossing some patch of open, to judge from the pace they were going, and after making up my mind as to the direction the elk was taking, and the pool in which he was likely to come to bay — for I knew the country well for miles round — making a rush by the only available path through the dense jungle, and coming suddenly upon the stern of an elephant taking his midday siesta; at least I presumed, from his motionless attitude, that he was dozing, and I was thankful for it. He was standing in the narrow path, and completely blocked it up. I was so near him that I could have pulled his tail, had I felt inclined to be impertinent; as it was, the only course open to me was a strategic movement to the rear. The jungle was so thick that it was impossible to turn him without attracting his attention; and, under the circumstances, it seemed a pity to disturb his noonday dreams. As he was quite alone, he was probably a "rogue" or "must" elephant; and in that case my chances of escape, should he happen to detect me, would have been small. I felt compelled even to deny myself the pleasure of trying to get a glimpse of his head and face. His huge hind quarters towered above me as fixed and motionless as though they had been carved in stone. After staring at them for a minute or two, and turning the situation over in my mind, I retired stealthily and on tiptoe; and the result was, that before I could strike another path in the desired direction, the sound of the chase had died away. However, I made stead-

ily for my pool, and as I approached it, knew, from the changed notes of the hounds, that what I had anticipated had occurred. The elk was standing on the edge of a fall some twenty or thirty feet high, with a part of the pack squatting on their haunches in a semicircle, barking at him, but afraid to go in at him; one foolhardy young cur had apparently been rash enough to venture too near, and got an ugly gash for his pains, which he was now licking disconsolately. The rest of the pack, with the seizing hounds and their owner, had apparently gone off upon some other scent, for they were nowhere to be seen, so I had all the fun to myself. No sooner did I appear upon the scene, than the elk made a bound, and plunged over the cataract into the pool below. It was a dark, deep-looking hole, some twenty yards in diameter, and here he began to swim about, apparently uninjured. The pack, declining to follow him in his leap, ran round, and jumping in from below, were soon all swimming about him, giving tongue and snapping prudently at his stern. As he apparently shrank from the shallow water, and kept swimming about the centre, there was nothing for it but to go in after him. So, putting my knife between my teeth, I swam out to him. When one is young and excited, the idea that animals suffer pain does not seem to occur to one; at all events, I look back to my performance upon that occasion with a certain feeling of disgust. The picture of the fine animal, with his head and magnificent antlers thrown back, his eyeballs staring, and his tongue half out, rises before me as vividly as if it was yesterday; but I cannot remember the details of that horrible struggle. I know that it lasted a long time; that more than once I had to swim ashore and rest; that the waters of the pool were tinged with blood from the repeated stabs I gave the poor beast, for it was difficult, while swimming, to strike a vital spot with sufficient force for it to be fatal; that the dogs, in their excitement, were very apt to mistake me for the elk; that, finally, we all came tumbling into the shallow water together, and that there I despatched him — a splendid animal of unusual size. I have had several encounters with elk at bay, and more than once have seen dogs receive such severe wounds that they have died of them, so savagely has the elk fought; but none of them were so exciting as this — perhaps because I was alone.

One soon got to know, from the way they gave tongue, whether the dogs were

on an elk or on some other animal. A steady barking for a long time in one place was sure to indicate either a wild boar or a cheetah. On one occasion, when we came up, we found the whole pack sitting in a circle round a tree, with their noses in the air, barking frantically, and on looking up we saw in the fork of the branches, about twelve feet from the ground, a cheetah, with his back curved like a cat, and his long tail swaying to and fro, looking viciously down, as though making up his mind for a spring, and only hesitating which hound to choose. It was a difficult matter to get the dogs off, and not altogether a safe one, as one never felt sure that the brute would not spring upon a hound as he saw them retreating. However, in spite of the aggressive expression of his ugly countenance, he was only too happy to be left alone, and we parted with every token of mutual respect, if not of esteem. This was the only occasion on which I ever saw the dogs "tree" a cheetah, and it is a somewhat rare occurrence; but they often used to bring a boar to bay, to the great disgust of their owner, who knew that it possibly meant the loss of a dog or two, and would certainly involve some severe wounds.

Once I came upon the pack when they had got a porcine monster ensconced in a bush, out of which gleamed his great curved tusks, while a dog lying dead by his side showed to what effective use he had already put them. The pack were evidently demoralized at the sight, for they kept at a respectful distance, but barked frantically. One or two dogs bolder than the rest would occasionally make a rush in; and they were so far useful, that they distracted the brute's attention, and enabled my friend and myself to crawl behind, while the dog-boy was helping the dogs to make demonstrations in front. Our object was to hamstring the beast while his attention was otherwise engaged; and this we succeeded in doing in one leg, though the suddenness with which he turned upon us when he felt the cut made us jump back with remarkable alacrity. We had meant to do both legs at the same moment, but the half-squatting position of the boar made it difficult, and I failed in mine; so we had to wait for another opportunity, for the boar was now on his guard. I did not note the time it took us to despatch this animal, but I do not think I exaggerate when I say that our struggle lasted half an hour, so wary was he, and so difficult was it to approach him near enough to stab him without getting gored. On

the chance of having to deal with boars, it is as well to let the dog-boy carry a short spear.

In India, when out shooting from an elephant, I once shot a boar, paralyzing his hindquarters without killing him. I had been having good sport, and had only two or three bullets left. With the prospect of still needing these, I did not like to waste a ball on an animal unable to move, and thought of getting down to despatch him with my knife.

"Stop," said the mahout, when he learned my intention; "that is quite unnecessary. I will tell the elephant to kill him."

The mahout accordingly communicated his instructions to the elephant, who evidently did not relish them. The more the mahout urged him to advance on the boar, the more the latter showed his angry tusks, and the more the elephant backed away from him. Suddenly, as the result of repeated goading, the latter seemed to make up his great mind. He wheeled sharply round, backed upon the boar, got him between his hind legs, and fairly ground him up, — I heard all his bones cracking.

A very different kind of sport from that I have been describing at Newera Ellia, is to be had in the flat country in the northern province of Ceylon. One of the pleasantest shooting-trips I ever made, was in company with a friend — now the governor of a West India island — in this part of the country. We took a tent, a first-rate cook, and a train of a dozen or more men to carry our baggage, bedding, drinkables, and condiments, trusting entirely to our guns for the staple of existence for the whole party. As the game is most abundant in a region almost totally uninhabited, we could not rely upon the resources of the natives. We were then in the dry season, when the only water supply is contained in ponds, or tanks, as they are called. Many of these dry up, and those that contain water, being far apart, become the resort of the wild animals inhabiting a wide range of country. The pleasantest time to shoot is at night; in the first place, because it is so fearfully hot, that it is almost impossible to be out during the day between nine in the morning and five in the afternoon; and in the second, because one is certain to see a much greater variety of game, and to have a much better chance at them.

Our plan of operations was to pitch our tent in the shadiest grove we could find near a tank. We then had two circular

holes dug in the ground at a convenient distance apart on the edge of the tank — each hole four or five feet in diameter, and about two feet deep. Round these we piled brushwood a foot high. This gave us a screen about three feet high, and in these holes we lay in ambush. A brilliant moon is of course indispensable for this kind of sport; and to assist our aim we whitened the sights of our rifles. Then, after a good dinner, we sallied forth, each accompanied by a native, who carried a bottle of strong cold tea, some sandwiches, and some dry elephant's droppings, to serve as tinder and keep a spark in all night for our pipes. I have counted the following different specimens of game come down to drink in the course of the night; elephants — a herd of sixteen — several buffaloes, a cheetah, two bears, some elk and wild boar, and a large herd of spotted deer, besides hog-deer, porcupines, and smaller animals. The latter always came early in the night; and in order not to disturb the larger game, which generally came after midnight, we usually refrained from firing at them. The deer were so numerous that it was always easy to kill two, or three by daylight, so we reserved the moonlight hours for nobler sport. Even when the elephants came down it was more interesting to watch them than to shoot them. There would be the fine old patriarch with his harem, and the young ones performing the most fantastic aquatic gambols; the clumsy disportings of a baby elephant at a loss to know how to give full vent to the exuberance of his spirits, is one of the most grotesque sights imaginable, and one only to be witnessed under such exceptional conditions as I have described. Looking through a peep-hole in the brushwood screen, one could watch them at one's leisure. On one occasion, on their return from the water in which they had been paddling and splashing themselves to the jungle, the whole herd would have walked straight into the hole in which I was squatting had I not shown myself. I had already marked the father of the flock as the one I intended to kill, and he was not ten paces from me when I fired. He stopped, while the herd scattered, and fearing he would charge, I gave him the second barrel, and he sank ponderously to the earth. In my excitement I did not stop to reload, but making sure he was dead rushed out to secure my trophy. I had just got out my knife, and was stretching out my hand to lay hold of his tail to cut it off, when to my disgust he slowly

rose and walked off after the ladies, leaving me amazed and confounded, and the subject of a good deal of chaff on the part of my companions. I was more lucky with a wild boar an hour or two afterwards. He, too, was approaching me in a direct line, coming from the jungle, when I fired at him, upon which he made a rush straight at me. The impetus was so great that, though he received the second barrel full in the forehead, he actually rolled dead into the hole. So close was my rifle to his head the second shot that his hair was all singed where the ball had entered. I have killed several wild boar at different times in my life, but his were the largest tusks I ever got.

Feathered game were no less abundant and varied. There were pea-fowl, jungle-fowl — which is more like the domestic fowl than any other wild bird I know — and various kinds of water-fowl, from which it may be inferred that we fared sumptuously every day. Our cook, who was really an artist, and had served an apprenticeship under a French *chef* at Government House, found ample scope for his talents, and did full justice to his training. He had been careful before starting to lay in a good supply of sauces and flavorings. This was the kind of *menu* he used to place before us: hare soup, wild-boar's head, venison pasty, salmi of wild duck, roast peacock with buffalo-tongue, and curry of jungle-fowl. Our camp-followers rioted in good living; and though, including servants and horse-keepers, they numbered sixteen or eighteen, it was impossible for them to consume all the game we killed, and this in spite of neither of us being remarkably good shots.

The most singular shot I ever made was under rather peculiar conditions. It was a blazing hot day — I should think the thermometer must have been over a hundred in the tent — and I was lying panting on my bed, in a state of entire nudity, vainly trying to get a wink of sleep, in anticipation of the night watch in store for me, when my servant stealthily crept into the tent with the intelligence that there was a flock of pea-fowl just outside. He held the flap of the tent back, and there they were strutting about within a hundred yards of it. As I looked they seemed to be taking alarm, and, afraid of losing them, I seized my rifle and rushed out with nothing else on. It was useless to attempt to stalk them — the plain upon which they were was a hard surface of baked cracked clay, with scarcely a shrub

upon it. The only plan was to get as near them as possible — not an easy matter, for they took to running too, and pea-fowl can run faster than one has any idea of. At all events they seemed to me to do so, as with bare head and body exposed to the scorching rays of the midday sun I hurried on in pursuit, cutting my bare feet terribly on the sharp angles of the cracked clay. At last they took to wing, and I brought down to my surprise a splendid bird — at least he was splendid to look at, but proved rather tough to eat, for he was an old cock. I thought of clothing myself with his feathers so as to be able to return to the camp with some decency, but it might have looked vain-glorious, considering the wonderful shot I had made. Indeed I took some credit for it at the time, for it is not everybody who has knocked over a peacock on the wing at a hundred yards with a rifle, especially with nothing on; but I am free to admit, after this lapse of time, that it was a pure fluke. I was so out of breath and blinded by perspiration at the moment, that I fired without being able to take any kind of aim. In India, where pea-fowl are sacred, they are perpetually offering the most tantalizing shots to the sportsman, who is unable to take advantage of them; but no such prejudice exists in Ceylon, and they form a most valuable addition to the larder.

I remember once, when campaigning with the Turkish army in the provinces of the trans-Caucasus, arriving at Sugdidi, the capital of Mingrelia, the day after the battle of the Ingour, only to find it deserted, and provisions scarce, and going out on a foraging expedition. Thinking that, as the palace had only just been abandoned by the Princess Dadiani, I might find something in the larder, I directed my steps in that direction, but found Turkish sentries at every ingress. Suddenly I heard the scream of a peacock, and my Ceylon experience recurred vividly to my mind. What a contribution to our mess he would be, I thought, if I could only get hold of him! Shooting him in the gardens of the palace was out of the question; indeed I found that the one he was in was enclosed with a high wall. Scrambling to the top of it by the aid of the branches of a tree, I saw several members of his family strutting about. Now, it so happened I had provided myself with a hook and line with the view of also trying my luck in the river, and as I had a piece of bread also in my pocket, the notion occurred to me of fishing for

one of these majestic birds from the top of the garden wall. This idea I immediately put into practice, and in a few moments my efforts were rewarded, and I was gingerly hauling up a tender young hen, in an agony lest her weight and struggles should break the line before I got her safely landed. A night or two afterwards I was dining with Omer Pasha, and recommended him to try one of the princess's pea-fowl, a hint which resulted in my partaking of one at his table shortly afterwards.

In Ceylon, as a rule, the game is so abundant that one is never reduced to experimenting on strange diet. I once dined off young monkey, which is something like rabbit, but immeasurably superior to it. Travelling in the wilds of America, I lived for some time on bear meat, which is excellent; and once the entire rations for the day for four of us consisted of a jay, a magpie, and a woodpecker. During the last days of the siege of Paris I tried the dainties which were then in vogue; but they were so far disguised by the exercise of culinary skill, that they all tasted very good. It requires a little practice to recognize at once the difference between dog, cat, and rat, if they are all prepared with equal care and delicacy. One of my sporting friends in Ceylon, camping out with his pack, and depending solely upon their exertions, succeeded, thanks to the talent and ingenuity of his cook, in giving some British tourists who paid him a visit a most varied menu. There was *ris de veau, filet de bœuf, côtelettes en papillotes, poulet sauté*, and I don't know what else besides. It was some time before his guests discovered that, under these high-sounding names, they were eating various preparations of elk. If it is the tailor who makes the man, it is the cook who makes the beast. In China and Japan diet is proverbially attended with the greatest uncertainty, and I never dined with a native of either of these countries without suffering for it the next day. On one occasion I was given a soup in which was floating what appeared to be pieces of vermicelli, chopped in lengths of about an inch. On inquiring what these little string-like substances were, I was informed they were rock leeches.

But to return to our camp by the tank-side. I never in any part of the world saw so many deer as there were in its neighborhood. The country was flat and park-like, the difference being that there was only a little burnt-up grass, and that

the trees were for the most part represented by thorny bushes, from ten to fifteen feet high, dotted about it. Among these, large herds of deer were constantly feeding; and they had been so little molested, that it was no difficult matter to stalk them.

The tanks abounded in alligators, which came ashore to bask in the sun, all their heads turned towards the water except the watcher, whose face was turned landwards. When he gave the signal of danger, there was a general stampede into the tank. They were so numerous that we did not think them worth powder and ball, and their horny hides made it more trouble to kill them than they were worth. Once, when we were walking home, I saw my friend, who was walking parallel to myself on the other side of the tank, which was about fifty yards broad, take a shot at an alligator right in front of him; an instant afterwards I heard the ball crash into the branches of a tree under which I was walking. It had been deflected at right angles from the reptile's back, and I had a narrow escape in consequence. There is a method of catching alligators which I once saw practised in the southern part of the island, which affords some sport to those who are indifferent to the suffering it entails. You take a live puppy, and strap him on to a raft, formed of two pieces of tough wood lashed in the form of a cross. You sharpen all the four points of this cross, and fasten to it a hank of twine a yard long; to this you attach a rope. You then float your puppy, who is calling attention to his unhappy predicament by yelping loudly, on a still pool or backwater of the stream, and tie the end of the rope to a tree. You then see that your revolver is handy, and, with half-a-dozen or more natives, you sit under the tree and watch. In a few moments a pair of enormous jaws appear above the surface of the water, the puppy disappears into them, but they do not close with the facility with which they opened, for the cross has stuck in the brute's throat, and the strands of the hank of twine have got between his teeth. You now lay on to the rope with a will, and slowly draw the reluctant monster to shore, while he lashes the water with his tail in impotent rage. When you have got him on shore, you keep at a respectful distance, and make ball-practice with your revolver at his eye. If you keep on doing this long enough, you finally kill him. The alligators in some of the rivers of Ceylon are so voracious

and numerous, that the natives, who are very fond of bathing, stake off their bathing places. From these strongholds you can safely taunt an alligator, should he come and poke his nose between the bars, and sniff your tempting flavor—even jobbing at it with a knife. Near the mouths of the rivers, I have had places pointed out to me by the natives where they said it was safe to bathe, as the water was too salt for the alligators and too fresh for the sharks. My impression is, had I made the experiment, that I should have found them both there.

I once made rather an interesting shooting excursion to a rarely visited island, called Karative, on the western coast of Ceylon. It was evidently once a mere sandbank, and though it is fifteen miles in length, it narrows in places to a width of fifteen or twenty yards, the sea in rough weather making a clean breach over it. In parts it is more than a mile wide, and is covered with a low, thick jungle, with patches of open. It is inhabited only by a few fishermen. It is well stocked with deer, buffalo, and wild black cattle. These latter are doubtless the descendants of cattle that were originally tame, but it must have been very long ago, for their fine, delicate limbs and active motions, and uniformly black color, present marked characteristics of difference from tame cattle; while their great shyness renders them an extremely difficult animal to shoot. I only managed to bag one, which I stalked after rather an original fashion. The herd were grazing in the open, so far from any jungle that it seemed impossible to get near them. It was a perfectly still day; the sea was like glass, as it generally was on the lee side of the island; and they were not above fifty yards from its edge. So I determined to stalk them from the sea. It was a nice sandy bottom, which did not deepen too abruptly, and when I had waded in about fifty yards I found myself up to the armpits. I had to wade for nearly a quarter of a mile, always keeping nothing but my head and shoulders visible, before I found myself opposite the herd, tormented the while by the fear that some sporting shark might consider me as good game as I thought the black cattle. Then crawling carefully shorewards, I got an easy shot at about eighty yards, and knocked over a fine young bull. We also stalked successfully, in the course of two days' shooting here, a couple of wild buffalo. The natives made a very novel suggestion; they were great fishers of porpoises, which they cap-

tured for the sake of the oil, and possessed in consequence a quantity of strong porpoise-nets. These they proposed to stretch across a narrow isthmus, from sea to sea, and staking them firmly, to drive the deer into them. As, when thus stretched and staked, they would be about eight feet high, there would be no chance of escape for the deer. At each end of the net men were stationed, who concealed themselves, as we did ourselves, while the drive was in progress, so as to prevent the deer, when they saw their danger, making a rush for the sea. It was a moment of great excitement as we heard the crackling of the jungle in advance of the beaters betoken the presence of game; then out rushed half-a-dozen noble animals. We sprang to our feet as they crossed the narrow patch of open at full speed, and turning neither to the right nor left, dashed headlong into the net. In a moment all was confusion; there was a heap of deer entangling themselves more and more in their frantic struggles to break loose and escape, while the men ran up with ropes to bind them and make them captive; this was no easy matter, as their sharp hoofs and antlers inflict nasty wounds; however, it was at last successfully accomplished. I shall never forget the appearance which that struggling mass of men and deer presented, but I cannot now call to mind how many we captured — the stag with the finest antlers, I know, escaped.

Buffalo are very dangerous animals to shoot, I think more so than elephants, as it is more difficult to get away from them when they charge. I was once charged by one when riding peacefully on horse back and entirely unarmed, and he gave me an unpleasantly severe chase across country before I could shake him off.

The easiest way to shoot bears is to smoke them out of the holes or caves which they use as sleeping-places, and which the natives always know, and to lie in wait for them at the mouth; or to watch for them by tanks — though probably the commonest method is to drive them. This is the plan adopted in Turkey. Six years ago, while staying at Constantinople, I was invited to join a bear-shooting expedition. News had arrived that they were numerous on the peninsula of Guemlik, in the Sea of Marmora, and good sport was promised us as a certainty. Nearly twenty years had elapsed since I had fired off a gun. I had never used a breech-loader in my life, for they had come into fashion after my day, and I had lost all kind of

sporting enthusiasm; but the trip promised to be enjoyable so far as climate, new country, and fine scenery were concerned, and I was tempted by the society of four agreeable companions to make one of the party, rather as a spectator than as an active participator in the sport, which was the more reasonable as I was the only one of the party who had ever shot a bear. We landed at Guemlik, where H.M.S. Fawn, then surveying the Sea of Marmora, was lying at anchor, and adding two or three of the officers to our party, made a night sail in a native boat to the small fishing village from which we were to strike inland. From this point we advanced in the early morning through lovely scenery some three or four miles into the interior, and found ourselves in the midst of a beautifully wooded, rolling, upland country, with open, grassy valleys, rich soil, and abundance of water, almost totally uninhabited, and only thirty miles as the crow flies from Constantinople. It is one of the anomalies of Turkey that a region twenty miles in length by about ten broad, comprising fine forests and splendid agricultural land, should be lying waste within so short a distance of the capital of the empire and of the market which it affords. However, had it not been so, we should have had to go farther afield for our bears. As it was, with a good gang of beaters, we toiled all day without any result except a few false alarms. *En revanche* we had splendid appetites and sound slumbers on leaf beds under the blue canopy of heaven, for we had brought no tents with us. Meantime I had so far caught the infection that I had accepted the offer of his second gun from a friend, and had occupied the post assigned to me at each beat with the most sportsmanlike conscientiousness. Next day we tried some new country. I had expressly asked the master of the hounds to post the others in the best stations, and was occupying the least likely place in one of the drives, my thoughts at the time far away from bear-shooting, when the sudden clamor of the dogs right in front of me roused my attention. There was no doubt about it this time. I was standing on the slope of a valley, bare except for a few bushes, near a path which led across a little stream into a wood on the opposite slope, which was now resounding with the shouts of beaters and the yelping of dogs. As I fixed my eyes on the point where the path entered the wood, I saw Bruin emerge. Slowly and deliberately he trotted up the path straight towards me;

slowly and deliberately I retired behind a bush about six yards from the path, so as to screen myself from his observation and have a shot, which, even after twenty years without practice, it would be impossible to miss. The bear did not quicken his pace, and he was exactly abreast of me. I fired—at least I pulled the trigger. The first barrel responded with a gentle tick; the second followed suit. I almost fancied I could see the bear wink. At all events, he did not quicken his pace, and I had almost time to put a couple of cartridges into my gun—which, I need not say, did not go off for the simple reason that there was nothing in it—before he disappeared into some brushwood. Thus my first and only experience of breech-loaders has not been encouraging. But how was I, who had never been out with a party of breech-loading sportsmen, to suppose that, after I had loaded my own gun, and leant it against a tree during luncheon, somebody else's servant would come and abstract the cartridges and put them in his pocket, and then after luncheon hand me the gun without saying a word about it? I had been accustomed to consider that when I had loaded a gun myself it remained loaded unless I fired it off. The idea that any one else would consider himself entitled to draw the charge and pocket the cartridges never entered my head; but it seems it is the custom, for on my remonstrating with the man, who was an Englishman, he replied, "Well, sir, I thought you would ha' looked to see whether the gun was loaded before you undertook to fire it off."

So I had to accept the situation, and the chaff by which it was accompanied; and as we none of us had another chance, I established my reputation as a "duffer," and we returned to Constantinople empty-handed.

The most magnificent country for sport, because the game is both larger and of a rarer description than in Ceylon, is in the Nepaulese Terai. Here, besides elephants, of which there are great quantities, there are tigers and rhinoceroses, and many other kinds of large game. In one of our beats here, which were organized on a large scale by the late Jung Bahadoor, whose guest I was at the time, we came upon traces of a rhinoceros, and were in great hopes that we should enclose him in the huge net of beaters that had been spread to surround the game, and which consisted of four hundred elephants and two regiments of soldiers; but to my great disappointment he managed

to break through and get away. We got, however, in the course of this beat, a couple of tigers, and several deer and wild boar. This is the only country in which the singular sport can be obtained of hunting wild elephants with tame ones, and capturing them alive,—an experience of which the Prince of Wales partook, also under the auspices of Jung Bahadoor, on the occasion of his visit to India. His Royal Highness, however, witnessed it as a spectator on horseback, which is exciting enough, but nothing to be compared to participating in it as an active combatant on the back of one of the elephants engaged in the *mêlée*. When I proposed that I should be allowed to make this experiment when I was with Jung Bahadoor in the winter of 1851, he at first absolutely refused, on the ground that it would be too dangerous for a novice—and was at last only induced to consent on my acquitting myself creditably at a rehearsal, when I was sent among the trees on the bare back of an elephant, with nothing but a rope to hold on by, and made to dodge the branches, as he was sent through them at his full speed. But this was nothing to the difficulty of arriving sound in wind and limb at the end of the chase on the following day, when the elephant I bestrode, or rather upon which I squatted monkey-fashion, formed one of a band of one hundred and fifty, tearing at a clumsy run through the jungle after the wild herd, which it finally overtook, and with which it engaged in a pitched battle. I shall never forget the uproar and excitement of that singular conflict; the trumpeting of the elephants, the screams of the mahouts, the firing by the soldiers of blank cartridge, the crashing of the branches as the huge monsters, with their trunks curled up, butted into one another like rams, and their riders deftly threw lassoes of rope over their unwieldy heads,—formed a combination of sounds and of sights calculated to leave a lasting impression. It is so difficult to take prisoners under these conditions, that we thought we did well in capturing four out of a herd of twelve. The mahout of the elephant I was on had particularly distinguished himself in one encounter, and presented me with the splintered tusk of an elephant that had been broken off in a charge upon us, as a trophy. I came home utterly exhausted by the violent exertion which had been necessary to escape being smashed to pieces by overhanging branches, or crushed by the mob of jostling elephants, which must have inevita-

bly been my fate had I lost my grip of the loop of rope which was all there was to hold on by. In order the better to cling on, I had taken off my shoes, and my bleeding hands and feet bore testimony to the violence of the struggle it had cost me to retain my precarious position; but so great was my excitement at the time, that I only discovered afterwards how much my skin was the worse for wear.

All other sport in India of which I have partaken pales by comparison with this experience, though I know of nothing in its way to compare with a good day's pig-sticking, nor anything more disagreeably agitating than tiger-shooting on foot. Not being utterly reckless of existence, I was only once induced to share in this pastime; and as I felt that the chances were all in favor of the tiger, I was infinitely relieved to find that a rustling in the bushes within ten yards of me proceeded from a hyena, into which I did the unsportsmanlike thing of firing promptly, thus causing the tiger, which, I afterwards discovered, was just behind him, to head back upon the beaters, and break through them, to the great disgust of my poor host, a most daring sportsman and infallible shot, who afterwards fell a victim in the Mutiny under the most painful circumstances. It was under his auspices that I shot my first and only blue bull or nylgau, an animal the flesh of which is capital eating.

One of the most interesting countries I ever visited, in so far as large game is concerned, is the Malay Peninsula. I once took advantage of the kind invitation of the Tumangong, now the sultan of Johore, to cross over from Singapore into his territory, and found on my arrival at a village, situated on a river a short distance in the interior, which had been recently settled by Chinamen engaged in the cultivation of gambier, that the whole population was panic-stricken by the depredations of tigers. No fewer than fifty men had been carried off by these ferocious beasts during the preceding three weeks while out at work. On one day alone five had disappeared, and the graveyard was full of umbrellas, the sign that the bones below them had been picked by tigers. Twenty plantations in the immediate vicinity were deserted in consequence; and as I had brought my rifle with me, I proposed going to one of these with a live bait, and watching for a marauder. The Chinamen would not hear of beating the jungle, as they felt convinced that they would simply fall a prey to the tigers, with

which it was literally swarming. They eagerly accepted the other proposition, however, and soon secured a couple of dogs, who were doomed for bait. With these we started for a night watch. Unfortunately, we had scarcely reached the deserted plantation, from which three men had been taken a day or two previously, when the sky became suddenly overcast, and the rain came down in a tropical torrent, putting all hope of sport out of the question. I much regretted I had not time to prolong my visit to this village, as, by killing tigers here, one would have been rendering a real service to the people; besides this, the surrounding country was full of other and in some respects more interesting game.

On the banks of these muddy rivers the sportsman, if he is also a naturalist, will find a double interest in bagging a saladang or wild water-ox, a species peculiar to the Malay Peninsula. In the recesses of these magnificent but gloomy forests he may surprise the wary tapir; while rhinoceroses are abundant, and elephants and nearly all the animals known in southern India and Ceylon are to be found besides. I do not know how it may be now, but twenty-nine years ago, when I was there, these jungles were untrodden by the sportsman, and I feel convinced that any enterprising Nimrod who should go there now would find a happy hunting-ground.

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From Longman's Magazine.

#### A DIPLOMATIC VICTORY.

It was in the month of September, a time of year when the cities of the Northern Hemisphere are deserted, when emperors and kings are drinking mineral waters or shooting in Alpine solitudes, and when diplomats have little business to occupy them, that Mr. Mallet, a secretary of embassy at St. Petersburg, received the following letter from home:—

"MY DEAR HUBERT,—I am in despair! One of the most dreadful and extraordinary things that could possibly happen is about to happen. Your uncle Shepton is going to be married! He has actually sent me a long, pompous rîgmarolê (you know the sort of way in which he would express himself), informing me of the approaching event; and as he wrote from Brighton, where I knew that he had been attending a meeting of the British Association, I really did hope at first that they had been making the poor old man

tipsy, so as to get him to propose the toast of 'The British Association for the Promotion of Social Science,' which I believe is a difficult thing to say distinctly after dinner. But no! I have made inquiries, and it is only too true. The young woman is a Miss Ogle—a mere girl, they say; and it seems that she and her mother have been frequenting scientific gatherings for some time past, affecting to take an interest in bones and stones and so forth, and that this is the result. The mother, from what I hear, must be a most dangerous and unscrupulous woman; the daughter is probably a nonentity. They are both at Brighton now, and that is why I want you to go there *at once*, instead of coming to me, as you proposed. Of course I shall be very sorry to miss your visit, and of course you will be dreadfully bored; but I am sure you will see how necessary it is that this unnatural marriage should be stopped, and also that you are the only person who can stop it. It would be quite out of the question for me, in my weak state of health, to undertake a journey to Brighton; and even if I could stand the fatigue, I am not sure that I should not do more harm than good, because I am not clever, like you. I did write to your uncle, but I suppose I must have spoken too plainly and offended him, for he has not replied. There is just one thing to be thankful for in this wretched business, and that is that the wedding is not to take place for three or four months. Surely you will be able to devise some means of preventing it from ever taking place at all. Do just what you think best—you know far better than I what plan is likely to be successful—only, for goodness' gracious sake, don't allow the title and estates to pass away from you after all these years! You owe it to yourself, to me, to your brothers and sisters, even to that deplorable and misguided old man, to avert such a calamity. I have complete confidence in you, my dear boy, and I am

"Ever your affectionate mother,

"CATHERINE MALLET."

When Mr. Mallet had perused this communication he whistled, which, under the circumstances, was a very natural thing for the heir-presumptive to a viscountcy and a well-managed estate to do; but being a young man of practical mind, he was aware that this world's goods do not fall to those who are content to whistle for them, and as his mind was not only practical but ingenious, he set to work at once to consider how it would behove him

to act in so pressing an emergency. At the end of a quarter of an hour he sat down and wrote as follows:—

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—You are quite right to leave matters to me, and quite right to abstain from going to Brighton. I shall start for that place without loss of time, and of course I shall do my best to bring about the rupture that you desire. As a matter of theory, my uncle has a perfect right to marry whom and when he pleases; but, as a matter of fact, he will be doing me a somewhat serious injury by plunging into matrimony at his present advanced age, after having remained a bachelor all his life, and he can't reasonably expect anything but opposition from me. If my opposition doesn't take an active form, and if he is foolish enough to believe that I am backing him up, that is his affair. He has no business to complain of stratagems, because he ought to be prepared for them. Besides, I don't doubt but that I shall, as you say, be doing him a service by delivering him from this man-trap. I will write again as soon as I have anything to tell.

"Your affectionate son,

"HUBERT MALLET."

Three days after despatching the above missive Mr. Mallet arrived in London, and on the ensuing afternoon he alighted at the Grand Hotel at Brighton, having previously ascertained that Lord Shepton was staying in that hostelry. Lord Shepton is one of the examples to whom those who value our ancient constitution are fond of pointing in justification of the existence of an hereditary chamber. He is not an altogether convincing example, it is true, for he is seldom seen in the House of Lords, and still less frequently speaks there; nevertheless, they point to him, because his life is considered to have been such a useful one, and because he has never yielded to any of the temptations which are supposed to beset his order. Instead of wasting his time in the pursuit of pleasure and his money on the turf, Lord Shepton has chosen to devote himself to antiquarian and historical research; and, not satisfied with daily adding to his own store of knowledge, it has ever been his aim to perform the same kind office for his fellow-men—particularly for such of them as belong to the lower ranks of society. His writings, if a trifle heavy, are admitted to be accurate and painstaking, and his popular lectures lack nothing but popularity to make them a complete success. "The masses," says he, "must

be reached. In this age of rapid progress it is incumbent upon those whose leisure has enabled them to acquire information to impart it to their less fortunate neighbors."

This is unexceptionable; and a great pity it is that Providence has seen fit to afflict so benevolent a nobleman with a voice and manner which will overcome the most obstinate insomnia in a matter of twenty minutes at the outside. However, he is too short-sighted and too self-complacent to suspect that he sends people to sleep; and it is pleasant (for a little time) to watch him as he stands upon the platform, his long grey hair floating over his shoulders, his immense upper lip drawn down, the corners of his mouth turned up in a benign smile, and his books of reference and glass of water on the table beside him. Those who object to his slightly unkempt aspect, and hint that it might be well if he were to wash his face and hands at least twice a day, show a critical littleness which is much to be deprecated. How can so great a man as Lord Shepton be expected to pay attention to these trifling details? And how do we know that his neglect of them may not be a delicate mark of sympathy with the classes for whose especial benefit he holds forth? It is, at all events, certain that his lordship's peculiarities would not have prevented him from finding a wife any time during the last forty years, had he wished for one; but he had never felt the smallest inclination that way. He was quite satisfied that his old valet should look after him while he lived, and that his nephew should succeed him when he died. Women rather bored him. At the bottom of his heart he thought them poor, frivolous creatures, incapable of close reasoning or sustained thought, and fit for very little, except to sit at the feet of an eminent *savant*, and to drink in such of his wise words as they could comprehend.

It was by pursuing that humble line of action that clever Mrs. Ogle had secured the prospect of a viscountess's coronet for her daughter. Lord Shepton ended by becoming accustomed to the two ladies who so persistently dogged his footsteps. One day it occurred to him, with the suddenness of an inspiration, that his old house in Somersetshire would be brightened and adorned by a young mistress, and that an amanuensis would be most useful to himself. After he had proposed to Miss Ogle he knew that he had done a somewhat rash thing, and that he would get into dreadful trouble with his family;

but he determined to brave his family. He thought Miss Ogle a dear, good little girl; and he actually thought, too, that she had fallen in love with him. The truth is that Lord Shepton was a very vain old man, though he would have been beyond measure astonished if any one had told him so.

He was also a very nervous old man, and that he did know. It nearly made him jump out of his skin to run up against his nephew in one of the corridors of the Brighton Hotel, and if flight had been possible he would have taken to his heels there and then. But Mr. Mallet had already grasped him by the hand; so with the impetuosity of a nervous man, he began,—

"How do you do, Hubert? how do you do? I know what has brought you here, and I may as well tell you at once that remonstrances will have no effect upon me. I have made up my mind—I have made up my mind!"

"My dear uncle," answered the young man, with much gravity and suavity, "I am sure you are old enough to know it. I would have said as much to my mother, who sent me hither, only it wouldn't have been the least use. Ladies, as you are aware, are not very easily influenced by considerations of common sense. With the exception, that is, of my future aunt, who seems to me to have shown a good deal of common sense in her choice."

"I am very glad to hear you say so," cried Lord Shepton, gratified, though a little puzzled; "and when you have seen Miss Ogle you will admit, I think, that my choice also has been a sensible one."

He had retreated gradually into his sitting-room, followed by his nephew, and now he assumed an air of greater dignity and self-importance. "This news," he continued, "cannot have been welcome to you, Hubert; I did not anticipate that it would be so."

The young man made a slight grimace. "I say I did not anticipate that it would be so. It may possibly bring about a change in your prospects which—which, in short, neither you nor your mother can feel to be satisfactory. That much I readily concede. At the same time, it appears to me that you will scarcely improve your position by quarrelling with me."

"Nothing can be more evident. Still I think, if you don't mind, I will remain here for a short time. I tell you candidly that I have been sent to Brighton on a mission, and if I don't make some show of carrying out my instructions I shall

catch it all round. Besides, I am very anxious to make Miss Ogle's acquaintance."

Lord Shepton waved his large, bony hand. It was a gesture which was common with him. "You accept the inevitable in a very proper spirit, Hubert," he was good enough to say, "and it will give me much pleasure to present you to my future wife. You will find her a modest, retiring young person, but not unintelligent — by no means unintelligent. Her mother, too, is an agreeable and cultivated woman. They are dining with me to-night; will you do us the honor to join our party?"

Hubert accepted the invitation gladly, and at the appointed hour was introduced to the two ladies who proposed to despoil him of his inheritance. The elder was stoutish, imposing-looking, and handsome, if viewed from a sufficient distance; at close quarters her complexion was a little too obviously artificial to be pleasing. The younger was very unlike her mother. Small, fair-haired, with pretty, refined features, and a graceful figure, she apparently labored under the disadvantage of being painfully shy. She colored deeply when Hubert bowed to her, raised her blue eyes for one instant, and then dropped them; nor could he get her to look at him again until the end of the evening, though he tried hard to do so.

Mrs. Ogle, on the other hand, looked at him the whole time, and her looks were far from friendly. She attacked him presently with a series of sharp, *staccato* questions. Had he just arrived from Russia? When had he started? He had really come straight to Brighton, then, to see his uncle? What! before seeing his mother, even? "But of course you will go to her to-morrow? No? Dear me, how very strange!"

Mrs. Ogle's hostility was not to be disarmed by soft speeches, and Miss Ogle would not open her lips, so that it would have been rather difficult to keep up conversation if there had been any necessity for doing so. But that necessity never existed when Lord Shepton was present. From the soup to the dessert he poured forth a deliberate unceasing monologue upon the cities of ancient Greece, a subject which he had recently made his own, and as to which he was full of information, yet not so full but that he could hold a little more, and hoped to fill up the interstices ere long. It transpired that his honeymoon was to be spent in the Peloponnesus, and that he had

postponed his wedding until the month of January, so as to visit that interesting country at a healthy season of the year.

"You will be starved, you will be devoured by fleas, and you will very likely be carried off by brigands," Hubert remarked.

But Lord Shepton waved these drawbacks away. "Professor Schulfuchs has travelled through the entire district," said he, "and has published a work — a very foolish and superficial work — upon what he is pleased to term his discoveries. Where Schulfuchs has gone I flatter myself that I shall be able to go."

Professor Schulfuchs was, for the time being, Lord Shepton's *bête noire*. There was generally one learned personage or another who enjoyed that privilege, and whom his lordship delighted to expose and castigate in the pages of a learned review. He had an article very nearly ready for the demolition of Schulfuchs now, and after dinner Hubert heard all about it. Then, too, it appeared that the duties of the future Lady Shepton had already been assigned to her.

"Ellinor, my dear," said the old man, "I have no doubt that Hubert will excuse us if we now proceed to our literary labors. The impatience of editors and — well, perhaps I may say of the public also — compels me to set myself a daily task of a certain length," he added explanatorily.

"Oh, my dear Lord Shepton! I am sure there is no need to apologize for giving us all an intellectual treat," cried Mrs. Ogle. "But perhaps Mr. Mallet does not share our interest in the great peoples of antiquity."

Mr. Mallet confessed that he had imbibed a prejudice against them in his school days, but said he was trying to overcome it; and Miss Ogle, with her eyes still cast down, fetched pen, ink, and paper, and seated herself submissively at the table. She was very pretty and very young, and really it was enough to melt the heart even of a seasoned diplomatist to see her bending over her work, while that tyrannical old *fiancé* of hers pranced up and down the room, with his hands under his coat-tails, spouting pompous platitudes by the yard.

"Now, Ellinor, let me beg of you to write distinctly, and to be very careful about punctuation. 'To disregard (*comma*) to garble (*comma*) or to contradict the voice of history would appear to be almost the primary object of the modern historian (*full stop*). That the ancient city of Mycenæ remained uninhabited

and (*comma*) to all intents and purposes (*comma*) ceased to exist after its famous siege by the Argives in the year 468 B.C. is a fact in support of which it would be easy to adduce a mass of overwhelming testimony (*semicolon*) yet it has recently been asserted by a writer whose sole claim to authority (*comma*) so far as we have been able to learn (*comma*) rests upon his unbounded self-glorification that a large number of its former inhabitants returned thither from their exile in Macedonia and raised a new city out of the ruins of the old (*full stop*). Upon the utter unreliability'—stay! that is a bad word—'untrustworthiness of the evidence upon which this startling theory is based it would surely be needless to dwell (*note of admiration*).'"

In this style Lord Shepton continued for a quarter of an hour, at the end of which time he concluded his period by solemnly warning students not to allow themselves to be led astray by "the audacious hypotheses of a credulous ignoramus." Then he paused and smiled.

"A credulous ignoramus," he repeated complacently. "I allude, as perhaps I need hardly tell you, to Schulfuchs. Severe, you will say, yet not, as I think, unmerited. It is no light offence to falsify history."

"It is not indeed," murmured Mrs. Ogle. "Poor wretch! one can't help feeling sorry for him, but he has brought it upon himself."

"That is not always a consolation," observed Miss Ogle, with some abruptness. "It was almost the first time during the evening that she had spoken, and the significance of her remark was lost neither upon her mother nor upon Mr. Mallet."

"Ella dear," said the former sharply, "you really must not let your attention wander, or you will be making mistakes. Please, Lord Shepton, go on: it is so very interesting. I have always longed to see Misenum."

"But that is impossible, Mrs. Ogle," replied Hubert gravely. "It ceased to exist after its famous siege by the Argonauts, you know. I, too, am immensely interested; but I am afraid I must say good-night now. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you all again to-morrow."

As he shook hands with Miss Ogle, she glanced up and shot a quick, eloquent look at him. He could not quite decide in his own mind whether it expressed appeal or defiance, and he thought a good deal about it after he had retired to his own quarters

and had lighted a cigar. "Poor little soul!" he muttered.

Your true diplomatist is always pliant to circumstances. He forms plans, indeed; but he never hesitates to discard them if the development of events renders it advisable so to do. Hubert Mallet had formed a plan, the not unpromising one of getting up a furious flirtation with Miss Ogle, and thereby opening his uncle's eyes to future probabilities; but he now resolved to modify his intentions. It would be cruel, he thought, to flirt with such an innocent, unsuspecting little creature as Miss Ogle appeared to be, and he fancied that there would be no great difficulty in inducing her to throw off of her own accord a yoke which had already begun to gall her. Should he be successful in this attempt, it was plain that he would be combining the greatest possible kindness to her and to his uncle with a proper regard for his own interests. Such a state of affairs is eminently agreeable; and it was with a conscience at ease that Mr. Mallet went to sleep.

It was, of course, essential that he should obtain a few minutes of private conversation with his fair supplanter; and on the ensuing day he was fortunate enough to secure that opportunity without having any recourse to stratagem. Lord Shepton, it seemed, was very desirous of accustoming his betrothed to equestrian exercise. She avowed herself a poor horsewoman, and, as travelling on wheels is hardly practicable in the Morea, prudence counselled that she should be taken out riding on the Brighton downs until she should learn to feel at home in the saddle. Lord Shepton himself was wont to shake up his person and stimulate the action of his liver daily upon the back of a steady old cob, and it struck him that the presence of his nephew might now be turned to some good account.

"You will accompany us, Hubert," said he, after explaining that he had ordered a horse from the livery stables for Miss Ogle; "and if Ellinor requires any help, as she possibly may, you will be at hand to render it."

Hubert assented cheerfully, and determined that if Ellinor did not require help before the afternoon was over, it should be no fault of his. But he was a little dismayed to find that Mrs. Ogle, whom he had succeeded in inspiring with sentiments of the deepest distrust, proposed to be of the party. Mrs. Ogle was quite willing that her daughter should ride with Lord Shepton; but as for Mr. Mallet, she

meant to ride with him herself, and see that he did not get into mischief.

It was in that order that the cavalcade eventually set out, Lord Shepton shogging along with his toes turned out, his hat on the back of his head, his grey hair flying, and his elbows flapping; Miss Ogle, obviously ill at ease, on a raw-boned, sidling grey; and her mother and Mr. Mallet keeping well in the rear. So long as they were proceeding at a foot's pace along the highroads no change of partners could be effected; but once out upon the turf, Miss Ogle's grey, who had discovered that he was carrying a novice, took it into his head that for once in a way he would have some fun. He accordingly flung up his heels, indulged in a preliminary plunge or two, and then broke clean away.

Lord Shepton immediately wheeled round and called, out to his nephew, "Hubert! Hubert! ride after Ellinor; she has allowed her horse to bolt with her."

Hubert did not wait to be told twice. The livery stable keeper had awarded him a comparatively sound and fresh animal, and he caught up the runaway easily enough. Miss Ogle turned an affrighted pair of blue eyes upon him as he galloped alongside of her.

"What am I to do?" she cried. "He won't stop!"

"Oh, yes, he will," shouted Hubert. "Sit tight and let him go; he'll soon have had enough of it. It's all up hill."

Miss Ogle obeyed orders, having no power to do otherwise; and, after what seemed to her an interminable gallop at racing speed, her adviser's prediction was fulfilled. The light-hearted grey gradually lost all his light-heartedness; he dropped into a trot; then into a walk; finally he stood still, puffing and blowing like a steam-engine, while Hubert, drawing rein, remarked cheerfully, —

"That's all right; he won't bolt again to-day, I promise you"

"Where are Lord Shepton and mamma?" asked the girl, looking very much inclined to cry. "I think I should like to get off and walk, please."

"You certainly can't do that; and I assure you you are perfectly safe now. As for my uncle and your mother, I should think they must be about a couple of miles away. They will overtake us in time, perhaps. Personally, I feel that I can endure their absence. Between ourselves, I have no taste for antiquity — in any form." He paused, and then added boldly, "I don't believe you have either."

She cast an apprehensive glance at him. Hubert Mallet was a good looking man, who carried his thirty odd years with much jauntiness. He was very neatly dressed; he sat square upon his horse; he had a rose in his button hole, and a fresh complexion; he seemed to diffuse around him a certain atmosphere of youth. Poor little Miss Ogle sighed. During her short, unhappy life she may have had dreams in which such a young man as this played a prominent part; it is not likely that she cherished any greater love for antiquity than he did.

"Oh," she exclaimed suddenly, "what *must* you think of me!"

He did not choose to understand her. "I think you will soon learn to ride," he said. "It may happen to anybody to be run away with; the main thing is not to tumble off. What do you say to moving slowly on? We had better not let your horse catch his death of cold, though he has behaved so badly."

She made a gesture of assent, and they jogged quietly over the springy turf for some distance without speaking. Then Hubert set to work to amuse his companion. It had been a great part of the business of his life to amuse people, and he was tolerably proficient in that art. Miss Ogle found him delightful. She listened with the deepest interest to his descriptions of the society of Vienna, St. Petersburg, and other capitals in which he had resided; she quite forgot that he was the nephew of his uncle, and presently began, in her turn, to confide to him some of her own tastes and experiences. She liked, it appeared, the things that most young ladies like. She was fond of the company of her contemporaries; she delighted in the play; above all things, she adored dancing. There had been a time when she had danced a great deal, and had been taken to many balls; but these had latterly been abandoned, owing to the claims of the great nations of antiquity.

"Oh," she exclaimed fervently, in an unguarded moment, "how I hate the Greeks! If they had only known what cruel bores they would become after death, I am sure they would have tried to obliterate all traces of themselves, like the people of Mycenæ."

She did not say, but it was easy to understand, that her mother had hawked her about in London and elsewhere, and, failing to find a sufficiently high bidder, had cast her at the head of the venerable nobleman who had now been so successfully captured. Hubert was very sorry

for the poor child, whose history he divined, and of whose entire freedom from complicity in her mother's designs he was satisfied. To what sentiment pity is said to be akin, we all know. Whether Mr. Mallet would have been equally sorry for Miss Ogle if she had been less pretty, and whether, if he had been less sorry for her, he would have been equally attracted by her charms, it is impossible to say; what is certain is that when the young people reached Brighton again, after a somewhat prolonged circuit, the truth of the adage had been as good as vindicated in the person of a wary diplomatist, and that Lord Shepton was provided with a rival of a formidable kind.

As for Miss Ogle, she had contrived, during a very enjoyable two hours, to lose sight of Lord Shepton's existence, as well as of the anxiety from which he and her mother might be assumed to be suffering; but the sight of houses and streets brought her back with a start to the realities of life. "Mr. Mallet," she said, speaking hurriedly, and with a complete change of tone, "I know you must think me horrid and contemptible. Though you are so very kind about it, you can't help being disgusted with your uncle for marrying, and with me for marrying him. All I should like you to know is that you can't hate me more than I hate myself."

"If you don't hate yourself more than I hate you, Miss Ogle," returned Hubert, smiling, "you must be tolerably self-satisfied. I certainly should not hate you for marrying my uncle, whether you did it of your own free will, or because you were forced into it. Only, I think, if I were you I wouldn't be forced into it."

"I can't escape!" cried the girl despairingly. "I dare not! — I haven't the courage!"

"Try to find some. Would you be grateful to me, I wonder, if I managed to set you free?"

"Grateful! — oh, if you only knew! But you would never be able to do it. How could you, without —"

"Without exposing you to reproaches which would be hard to face? Ah, that is my affair. I don't promise to succeed; but if I fail, you will be no worse off than you are now, and I don't think I shall fail. The only thing I will ask you to do to help me is to make as many mistakes as you can in writing from dictation."

"If that is all," answered the girl, with a dreary little laugh, "my part will not be difficult. I am always making mistakes as it is."

"Double them, then; keep a good heart, Miss Ogle; don't be surprised at anything that you may see, and hope for the best. Hope never yet did any harm to anybody."

There is every reason to believe that Miss Ogle passed through a bad quarter of an hour after she was restored to the arms of her anxious mother, for she appeared at the dinner-table with red eyes, while an ominous black cloud hung upon the brow of the elder lady.

Lord Shepton, on the other hand, had felt no disquietude. He had been sure, he said, that it would be all right, and had not considered it necessary to overhear himself and his cob by pursuing the fugitives. "Nevertheless, Ellinor, my dear, you had better try to gain some mastery over your horse during the next few months, for you must remember that we shall not have the advantage of Hubert's company in the Peloponnesus."

"If I can be of any service as an instructor, I shall be delighted," remarked Hubert blandly.

"Certainly not!" cried Mrs. Ogle, "We will not think of detaining you here, Mr. Mallet. The riding-master will be the proper person to employ."

Either because she had resolved to act upon Hubert's advice, or because she was dead tired, Miss Ogle made a sad mess of her dictation that evening. Lord Shepton, having found himself with a spare hour before dinner, had already committed to paper in his own illegible handwriting several pages of elephantine pleasantries at the expense of the credulous ignoramus. These he enunciated with immense gusto, and with such unusual rapidity that his amanuensis failed to keep up with him, missed out whole sentences, marred others by scandalous slips of orthography, and finally had to admit that in her haste she had written on both sides of her paper.

Lord Shepton was not pleased. "I think, Ellinor," said he gravely, "that your wisest course will be to retire to bed. You are evidently exhausted and unfit for work. It is a pity that you did not say so in time to prevent the waste of a valuable evening. I, too, am a good deal fatigued; but I must now sit up until I have accomplished the daily task which you have (I am sure most unwillingly) cast upon my shoulders."

"Oh, my dear Lord Shepton," exclaimed Mrs. Ogle, "that is not to be thought of! Ellinor, my love, you are perfectly capable — Oh, she has gone!

Poor child! she is so very sensitive, and I know how miserable and ashamed she is feeling. If only Mr. Mallet had brought her home — as of course, we expected that he would — instead of so inconsiderately keeping her in the saddle until she is in a state of — well, I may say that she has been in severe physical suffering ever since she came in. But now, Lord Shepton, you must allow me to take her place — you must really! Let me have your notes, and I will undertake to transcribe them faithfully before I go to bed."

Lord Shepton protested a little, but ultimately allowed his scruples to be overcome, and withdrew. Hubert also said good-night; but hardly had Mrs. Ogle settled down to her self-imposed labors when the door opened, and the young diplomatist reappeared.

He quietly drew a chair up to the table, rested his elbows upon it, and, facing Mrs. Ogle with a smile, said, "Now, my dear madam, suppose we try to come to an understanding."

Mrs. Ogle was a sharp-witted woman. She saw that there was nothing to be gained by fencing, so she replied succinctly, "No, sir; I decline to come to terms."

"Yet I venture to think that I can suggest acceptable terms to you; and really I am an adversary whom it would not be altogether safe to despise. However, I won't threaten; I much prefer to be frank and friendly, if a little blunt. Frankly and bluntly, then — why do you want to marry your daughter to my uncle? Not, I presume, for the sake of his youth or his beauty; nor even, perhaps, for the sake of his learning."

"My daughter," said Mrs. Ogle, laying back her ears, "is sincerely attached to Lord Shepton."

"Oh, Mrs. Ogle! You will tell me next that she enjoys copying out treatises upon obscure points of history. Why not confess that you would like her to be a viscountess, and to have the prospect of a comfortable jointure? That is only what any good mother would desire for her daughter. Indeed, I am amazed at your wonderful unselfishness in the matter."

"I do not set up to be particularly unselfish," returned Mrs. Ogle drily; "and I don't understand what you mean."

"I suppose not — I suppose you really don't," said Hubert, in a pensive tone. "For my own part, I saw it from the first."

"You saw what, Mr. Mallet?"

"I hope you won't be offended if I tell

you. I saw that my uncle had fallen into an error, not very unnatural in so absent-minded a man, and had proposed to the daughter instead of to the mother. Just consider for a moment, and you will perceive how much better suited you are to him than she could ever be. You are clever, you are well informed, you are devoted to the pursuit of knowledge —"

Here Mrs. Ogle made a slight dissentient gesture.

"Oh, but you are, indeed; there can't be any question about that. And then, if you will allow me to say so, you have great strength of character. You will influence the poor old man for his good. You will make him take a house in London, as he ought to have done long ago, and see more of society. You will never allow yourself to be made into a sort of private secretary — a mere drudge. Believe me, Mrs. Ogle, it is not too late to repair the blunder that has been made; and if you will endeavor to do so, I shall have much pleasure in helping you to the best of my ability. If you refuse, I am afraid I shall have to oppose you, and, without vanity, I may say that that will render your chances of victory extremely doubtful."

"I have perfect confidence in Lord Shepton's honor," Mrs. Ogle declared.

Nevertheless, she was a good deal moved by Hubert's harangue. The prospect held out to her was alluring, only she could not help suspecting treachery. "What is your object in making these overtures to me, Mr. Mallet?" she asked.

"Well, I have two. Firstly — for reasons which are too obvious to require mention — I do not wish my uncle to marry a young wife. Secondly, I wish to marry your daughter myself. Yes; I am perfectly serious, though I won't, in a business conversation like this, allow myself to be sentimental. I love your daughter; I couldn't say more if I were to talk for an hour. My means, it is true, are not very large; but I believe I can see my way to a substantial addition to them; and then, don't you perceive? your daughter will, in due course of time, become a viscountess after all. Two coronets and two jointures, instead of a rather poor chance of getting one! What do you think of that, Mrs. Ogle?"

Mrs. Ogle was dazzled and vanquished. She jumped up, ran round the table, and placed both her hands upon the young man's shoulders. "This is very sudden; but I believe in you, and I will be your friend," said she, with touching simplicity.

ty. "Dear Ella shall be told of her good fortune this very night."

"Ah, no! excuse me, but you are going too fast. Miss Ogle is not quite so — shall we say amenable? — as you and I. If I have fallen in love with her at first sight, it does not by any means follow that she has fallen in love with me."

"Ella knows that I only desire what is for her happiness. She will do as I tell her," Mrs. Ogle averred.

"Perhaps so; but I have certain weaknesses and prejudices. If I am to be accepted, I should like to be accepted for my own sake, not in obedience to superior orders; and I must ask you to allow me a week or ten days to bring matters to a crisis. If, when that time is up, I find that Miss Ogle has no inclination for me, I shall withdraw my pretensions; but that need not prevent you from marrying my uncle; and when you are Lady Shepton you will have a much better chance than you have now of finding an eligible son-in-law."

Some further argument brought Mrs. Ogle to consent to this delay. She then received a few instructions as to conduct, of which she admitted the wisdom, and Hubert effected his retreat, after a narrow escape from being embraced.

The week which followed the conclusion of the above alliance was one full of doubt and despondency for the aged nobleman whose fate was settled for him thereby. "When a man's married his trouble begins," says the old nursery rhyme; but the trouble does not always wait for the tying of the knot, and Lord Shepton felt that his share was falling upon him somewhat prematurely. He did not object, as some elderly bridegrooms elect might have done, to the long rides which his nephew and his betrothed took together every afternoon; on the contrary, he much preferred to perform his own moderate spell of exercise alone, or in the company of Mrs. Ogle, who never cared to urge her animal out of a trot. But what he did object to most strongly was the increasing heedlessness and apathy of Ellinor over the evening task, to which she had formerly applied herself with some measure of success.

"I don't know what has come over the girl!" he was moved to exclaim irritably one day to Hubert. "Her blunders are inconceivable — literally inconceivable; and if it were not for the good nature of Mrs. Ogle I should find myself seriously embarrassed by her — well, I really must call it stupidity."

"I am afraid," said Hubert, shaking his head gravely, "that she will never learn to punctuate."

"Punctuate!" cried the old man. "If she would learn to spell, it would be something!"

Meanwhile Ellinor herself was not altogether happy. Her rides with Mr. Mallet were certainly delightful, and sometimes in the course of them she managed to forget that she was engaged to be married to a man old enough to be her grandfather; but pleasant, friendly, and kind as her companion was, he said not another word about delivering her from her fate; and, indeed, she did not see how the thing was to be done. To make Lord Shepton repent of his bargain might not be a very difficult matter; but she knew very well that the important person to be reckoned with was not Lord Shepton, but her mother.

At length, one afternoon, she took heart of grace, and asked, "Mr. Mallet, do you remember what you said to me last week about — about your uncle and myself?"

They had just come in from riding, and were alone in Mrs. Ogle's sitting-room, that lady being still out, in attendance upon Lord Shepton. Hubert, who had taken up his station at the window, and was idly watching the passers-by, started and turned round at this question.

"To be sure I do," he answered. "Are you not satisfied with the way in which I am trying to effect your release?"

"Are you trying? I didn't know."

"Poor me! I have been getting no credit, then, all this time. Have you imagined that it has been out of sheer personal amiability that your mother has been allowing you to neglect the old man all day, and has sat up correcting your mistakes for him at night?"

The girl looked bewildered and a little frightened. "My mother!" she repeated incredulously. "But you cannot have spoken to her! it is not possible that she should be on my side. She will never, never consent to my letting Lord Shepton go."

"That is where you are mistaken. I have spoken to her; she is upon our side; and she will consent to your letting my uncle go, because — prepare yourself for a slight shock — she does not mean to let him go very far. Did it never strike you that your mother is in some respects better fitted than yourself to be a helpmeet to my uncle?"

Ellinor clasped her hands and let them fall upon her knee. A light broke in upon

her. "Oh," she exclaimed, "how clever you are!"

"So my relations are fond of telling me. That was why they sent me hither. By hook or by crook, I was to prevent you from marrying my uncle. Well, I believe I have as good as succeeded in my mission; but the question for me is whether I have succeeded in something which has become of far more consequence to me than that." He drew a little nearer, and said, in an altered tone, "Miss Ogle — Ella — you haven't known me long, and what I have just told you is not likely to make you think better of me; but — I love you. Can you give me any hope that you will ever care for me?"

Perhaps he was sufficiently clever to have guessed beforehand what her answer would be; but possibly also — for true lovers are always modest — he may really have felt the doubt that he professed. In either case there can be no reason for making a promising member of the diplomatic service look foolish by recording the ecstatic speeches that fell from him during the next twenty minutes or so. His language was more in accordance with professional principles when he arranged the climax of his operations for that same evening, and assigned to Miss Ogle the part that she was to take in bringing it about.

"But I shall never dare!" she declared, her blue eyes growing large with dismay.

"There is really nothing to be afraid of. Think of the immense moral support that you will have at your back. Mine — your mother's — that of your own conscience; not to mention that of the eternal fitness of things."

As the result of this exhortation, a sufficiently amusing little scene was enacted after dinner that night. Lord Shepton, notes in hand, had taken up his position as usual upon the hearth-rug and had begun with his customary exordium of "Now, Ellinor, be very careful, if you please," — when Miss Ogle, instead of seating herself at the table, marched up to him and returned, in a tremulous voice, —

"I am not going to do any copying this evening; I am never going to copy any more. I hate copying — I hate the great peoples of antiquity — it would not take much to make me hate those who are perpetually talking about them too! I was born in the nineteenth century, and I mean to live in it."

Having uttered these truly remarkable words, Miss Ogle left the room with a precipitation more suggestive of terror

than of defiance. But Lord Shepton was too utterly dumbfounded to take note of her demeanor. He turned, with a gasp, to Mrs. Ogle, and saw, to his astonishment, that she was neither angry nor scandalized, but was smiling indulgently.

"Poor Ella!" she murmured, "I fear that we have been asking too much of her, Lord Shepton. I fear that at her age it is unreasonable to expect the love of knowledge and culture which have become a second nature to us. I must go and tell her that you are not really as indifferent to her happiness as she imagines."

And, with a discretion which she might not have manifested if she had not been carefully coached in advance, Mrs. Ogle followed her daughter.

"Hubert," said Lord Shepton, in a hollow voice, "I have made a mistake." Hubert shrugged his shoulders without replying. "A mistake of a most terrible kind," repeated the old man, beginning to pace to and fro in great agitation. "For days past it has been becoming more and more apparent to me that all my tastes and habits accord with Mrs. Ogle's, not with poor Ellinor's. Worse than that, I have discovered — I cannot doubt it — that I have inspired Mrs. Ogle with — with feelings of — of — in short, with feelings of the warmest description. To have engaged the affections of both mother and daughter, and to be bound in honor to marry the wrong one! Was ever man placed in such a situation?"

"It is indeed a distressing situation," agreed Hubert, without moving a muscle; "and I should not like to be in your shoes."

"Well, but, Hubert," resumed Lord Shepton eagerly, "is the situation desperate? Isn't there a means of escape from it? Poor Ellinor would never be happy with me, I am convinced of that; and I cannot help thinking that if some younger man — you, for example — were to come forward in my place, he might find that it was possible to console her. She is a charming, a most charming girl. She has great beauty of feature; her character is amiable and docile, and —"

"My dear uncle," interrupted Hubert, "it is unnecessary to insist upon Miss Ogle's attractions. I am fully sensible of them, and, as you know, I am always happy to do you a good turn when I can. But how could I think of marrying a girl who has no fortune?"

"If that is your only objection," cried Lord Shepton, with alacrity, "it may be overruled. The day that you marry Elli-

nor Ogle, I will, with heartfelt satisfaction, settle upon you a sum sufficient to produce 2,000*l.* a year. I think that is a handsome offer, Hubert."

Hubert thought so too. It was, in fact, double the amount that he had fixed upon in his own mind as the price of his complaisance; and he replied with becoming seriousness that, in consideration of the terms named, he would do his best to console Miss Ogle for her disappointment.

Two days later, Mrs. Mallet, who had been made somewhat uneasy by her son's protracted silence, received the subjoined communication.

"MY DEAR MOTHER, — You may congratulate me. Not only have I dissuaded my uncle from marrying Miss Ogle, but I am going to marry her myself. Don't cry out; you will have one of the prettiest daughters-in-law in England, and quite the sweetest. Also the old gentleman proposes to settle 2,000*l.* a year upon us, which is no drawback to connubial bliss. He, for his part, is about to lead her mother to the altar. That was unavoidable, and no great harm will come of it. Mrs. Ogle is a little vulgar, but not more so than some great ladies whom I could name; nor are her cheeks at all more thickly powdered than theirs. As she is certainly over fifty years of age, and as we do not live in patriarchal times, my succession to the title is not likely to be interfered with.

"Ella shall be introduced to you as soon as you are pleased to invite her to your house. I know you will be charmed with her, because you have the good taste of which a portion has been inherited by

"Your affectionate son,

"HUBERT MALLET."

W. E. NORRIS.

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From The National Review.  
THE CUCKOO.

THE reluctant conclusion of this paper may, in its own absurd way, appear at the beginning. It is that the cuckoo is the South Sea Islander of ornithology, the chartered libertine of the vales and copses. It is the feathered citizen of the wood, in which it disdains to find its home — only its summer lodgings — and which it visits during the fleeting, if recurring, operatic season of the Italian *tenore*. In Eckermann's conversations with Goethe will be

found scarcely all this, but very nearly as much. Goethe gave up as insoluble the puzzle of the cuckoo's systematic invasion of the little bird's nest when it wants to renew itself by means of posterity. He looked round in Weimar, and saw nothing like it in the forests there; he reflected all through the procession of vertebrate structures and there was the same result. It was the sole loveless note among the voices of animated nature that seemed to him to violate the harmonious ways and methods by which the conception of an overruling, univindictive Providence is sustained among mortals. It led him, he hinted, to doubt the theory of divine finish and justice; else why the laborious up-bringing of a creature by the little wings in the home of a nest the prescriptive inmates of which perish according as is their mother's diligence in feeding the young of a forsaken brood?

The cuckoo is not much the subject of observation, I take it, for two reasons: the inhabitants of towns have not the chance; and those of the country, who have, pass it by as a rule, as they do too many kindred phenomena rich in the reward they bring to the revering investigator. The explanation, I should say, is that the time is yet to come when people will avail themselves of those privileges of contemplation in the solitudes which, once tasted, will not be exchanged for all the stores of art. It takes a man a good deal out of himself — his frantic politics, his feverish anxieties, and his conflicting momentums — to watch the habits of the flashing cuckoo; and, although the impression about the bird I have maturely acquired is disagreeable in excess, I would not part from the recollections I have obtained of country strolls in overtaking him for anything that is at hand of human experience. I have Goethe's wrench, and more; but better to be disillusionized than purblind altogether to all the drama of the voiceful woods.

It is fifteen years since I began to take the cuckoo seriously; and, curiously enough, it was over a line in Wordsworth that I took fire. The cuckoo was a bird that was "never seen," said a chaffing friend; only "a wandering voice," he added. Then he went on to remark, that Michael Bruce's "Ode to the Cuckoo" — the Bruce of Kinnesswood, to whose tomb Mr. John Bright made a pilgrimage the other year — did not give it to be understood that *he* ever saw the cuckoo. On reflection, I perceived this to be dogmatism, and a flippant sort of it; moreover,

that it would be wrong to Wordsworth to take his well-known line too literally. Wordsworth *must* have seen the cuckoo, I reasoned within myself; or I never saw Grasmere, which I have seen three times. Something is wrong, is capable of explanation, about the "never seen;" for there is a fulness of meaning in "wandering voice," upon which, I conjectured at once, a basis of theory can be rested. The cuckoo calls when flying—which many have ignorantly denied; and the poet, if he never saw the bird, which I cannot bring myself to believe, has in "wandering" used the very word that best applies to its movements of song. It wanders through the heavens above the meres, tarns, and plains, and pipes from spur to spur with no staccatoed abruptness, as when gipsies arbitrarily encamp, or as when some aquatic bird takes to a watery bog. It wanders; not like the lark, which goes straight up and down from sward to lift; nor like the swallow, which would be overwhelming if it sang. The "wandering" is that of the dominating thought of the Prophet in "Elijah," when it does not resemble that of the hapless youth in "Hamlet." The retina of the eye takes neither in; but there they both are in the circumambient air to the soul which sees.

I resolved that I would put all this, and much more, to the test as soon as might be. Very shortly after, indeed, I did. It fell out in a June afternoon that I laid three cuckoos at my feet with binoculars. Their actual distance off was from one hundred and fifty to two hundred yards. They occupied one side of a hidden valley; I the other; sheep browsed between. On their slope were furze and broom; on mine, pine and birch. They were in shadow to the afternoon sun; I was all exposed to his beating rays. They cuckooed away; taking flights, up and down and across, at their eccentric pleasure. "Never seen" and "wandering" voice? I said to myself. What nonsense! And yet this lowland Scotch den, I remembered, was not remoter from the madding crowd than Rydal Mount was. What occurred? A sort of excited *levée*, with the afternoon tea thrown in by the fancy's eye. That, let me say in passing, was not a vigorous feat of the fancy's eye; for at the end of my walking-stick ice-cool water rose out of a cup in the grass, and hurried off, over a bed of cresses, to the eternity of ocean sixteen miles away. A little alteration in the temperature of the laughing rivulet, and a handful of tea—

and how easy is the labor of fancy! On the top of a broom bush, an altar similar to that before which Linnaeus bent down and worshipped, one sat, the admired of all the admirers, which mostly were a group of linnets numbering from ten to a dozen. They fluttered and throbbed about the bush as if in thrall; but whether the thrall was of fear or of love I could not tell. It is ill getting at those birds' emotions which do not sing; and, as this tremorous throng was silent, I had the whole world of speculation from which to spell out a vague conjecture. It did not, however, strike me to be fear that was at the bottom of all those activities of wings between the heaven and the earth of this greatly flattered broom bush. The end of them was that when the cuckoo took its flight towards its mates, which were a little farther up the hillsides among the black-faced lambs, the dance of the small birds in the air was done. No little bird followed or attended, as is the absolute law with some reporters about the cuckoo's habits. They all remained stock-still, lost to me in their own twigs. It appeared to me, about this, that the small birds strictly observe the customs of the country, and that the cuckoos just fare as the foreigner fares when he goes to Rome. They put up with the ways of the haunts. For example, in Wales they sometimes are followed by the titling, and sometimes not; in Patterdale now and again; in Ross-shire not at all; in Skye uncertainly. I speak of that which I have seen since that afternoon, fifteen years ago, when the full dress rehearsal took place in lovely Dunbog Den, at the end of my quizzical binoculars.

That leads at once to the remark that the cuckoo is not a shy bird. In his own residential settlement he makes you very welcome. The exceedingly commonplace blue-rock pigeon is a customer much more difficult to get at than the cuckoo. At him you cannot get at all, unless by circumvention. It may be laid down as a law that ought to be paramount in rustic retreats that, were it not for his delicious "croodle" and his mournful monologue about love, the cushat should be exterminated. One instance of the cuckoo's comparative domesticity fell into my lot, a few Mays ago, in Llanberis, North Wales. A group of us Scotchmen were seeing whether the Llanberis Pass beats Glencoe in savagery. We arrived late at night, and cuckoos had not come into the currency of our thoughts. But next morning at seven, into my bedroom came the ser-

vant with the prefatory coffee and the droll exclamation:—

"Eh! but this is a heavenly land!"

"What's up now, Rennie?"

"What dae ye think, sir? There's been a cuckoo whustlin' a' this mornin' in the tree behin' the hoose sin' five o'clock."

As much as this was in full consonance with my own impression, for I either had dreamed or had actually heard that the cuckoo was as near the bed on which I lay as the tree outside of the window. Now, Llanberis is not the Strand exactly. It is a street of parallel rows of houses suddenly brought up on its haunches at one end, as if perfectly willing, in a sort of shudder, to take for granted the gloomy recesses of its world-famous pass. The incident was new and strange to me at the time; and I own that I thought more of it than of Snowdon, up which I walked that very forenoon. I had never heard, and have not since heard, a cuckoo so near a chimney in operation; although, as I shall show presently, it takes more kindly to the abodes of men than hitherto it has got credit for. Nor is it in any inordinate degree afraid of human folk. It will even suffer itself to be chased. A case in point befell myself in the Rob Roy country the year after that of the Llanberis visit.

South-west of the clachan of Aberfoyle—disfigured now by a railway station, and lost to romance in a group of palatial villas—is the pipe-track of Loch Katrine waterworks on their stately march to Glasgow. It is a bleakish region; the geological feature of it the boulders of the glacial age. Sauntering along the sheep-walk one afternoon, accompanied by a friend, I espied a bird on one of the boulders, between which and ourselves was a weed-covered patch of peaty morass. A fieldfare? No. A lark? Absurd. A new species? We'll see. So, a stone having been flung at the creature, whatever it was going to turn out to be, the bird rose a foot or two, sang out "Cuckoo!" and alighted on another boulder five yards farther away. This was tantalizing. I advanced. Presto! Two rose and called out "Cuckoo!" retreating before me as I still pursued; the two disputing their territory boulder by boulder in the rallery of their ethereal monotone; I vainly essaying to frighten them by my rhetorics and persiflage and badly aimed patches of wet peat.

"A marriage joy hereabouts to-night," I said to my entirely transported companion from the adjacent city.

"Yes," he replied. "Thae lads were

jist lauchin' at ye; but dear bless me!—wha ever heard o' cuckoos singin' on the wing afore, or saw them sae tame? They wudna' gang awa' frae ye, nae mair than spuijs [sparrows]."

But let us gather instruction as we go along. Shakespeare, who has passed nothing, mentions the hedge-sparrow as a special victim of the cuckoo's undesirable patronage. I have never been in Shakespeare's country—to my sorrow; but I should judge, from this allusion of his to the hedge-sparrow, that it is a land of hedgerows. Where we stood just now there is no hedge, nor anything of the shrub or fence by it, within the scream of a locomotive's whistle. That the hedge-sparrow is the only victim to the luckless, murderous delegation, is out of the question. Highland shepherds assure me that the cuckoo, perfectly unscrupulous, is also perfectly indifferent; that it lays its egg in whatever small bird's nest it can find in any bush. But it draws the line, it seems, at a bush, or at a nest in a hole in the face of a rock. The robin thus escapes the dreadful summons to rear the cuckoo's progeny at the expense of its own; for the robin builds among the delicacies and the secrecies of the ground. A friend of mine, who stayed on the island of Colonsay for fifteen years, tells me that for the greater portion of that period he watched the cuckoo, and that he has found its young in nests in holes of rocks and walls so small, in several instances, that the cuckoo itself could not possibly have got into them. How, then, did the eggs get into the nests? The answer was remarkable. The eggs, having first been laid on the ground, were within their bills carried by the cuckoos themselves into the nests in the holes. About that my informant was clear; and he is also equally so that the cuckoo is a foul, slobbering, and unfair eater. It is in his knowledge, my friend says, that the cuckoo fares, when it can get them, on the eggs of other birds. As I mentioned my conclusion at the beginning of this article, so here again it is in the middle of it, with a further word. Although observers whom I highly respect question my generalization, I myself believe that wherever the starling is in the ascendant the lark is scarce; while the places where you are sure to alight on the cuckoo have skies that are drearily empty of the lark's peerless strain. I wish I could disbelieve the accusation of voracity thus charged to the character of the cuckoo; but Colonsay, where I hardly expected to hear of it as at one of its habi-

tats, is extremely favorable to this kind of close observation; and my informant, I happen to know, is an unimaginative field naturalist. This is a story at second hand, to be sure; but he told me of a young acquaintance of his in Yorkshire, who *saw* the laying of the egg and the carrying of it off the ground into the nest, and who has reasons of his own, he added, for also believing in the predatory habits of the bird whose life is all song and summer—all selfish take and no sacrificial give, as regards the striving and the crying that are in all the processes of living. Let it be added here, as regards Wordsworth's famous lines, —

The cuckoo bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides,

that my friend was able to tell me that he has heard the cuckoo on the remote island of St. Kilda.

Harking back to Llanberis, I can hardly tell that anything out of the way occurred in what I perceived of the cuckoo. When one has ascended Snowdon, it is the custom to walk round the trifling hill. It is difficult to understand how any one can make a work or an ado about it. You are never off made roads, and, therefore cannot go wrong on the top or the bottom of it; notwithstanding which, mine host, the little Welshman, stared at us when we descended as if fresh from some Horeb. The courteous beholder of the feat-doers observed that he had been on the top of Snowdon thirty-five years before, when he was a boy. The long ago and the imaginarily tremendous were now dwelling together among his reflections; and thus, in the little man's gaze, we were heroes from the north, Thors and Odins nobly maintaining the myths from the far-away land of the Merry Morris-dancers.

It was between Beddgelert and Capel Curig that the cuckoo grew common. Now one in its flight would be seen, with the little bird following, darting and swerving and undulating, as if it were the mimic or the shadow of the preceding wing. Anon, through the glade or the open space the vision would flit across the gaze alone, as if the neighborhood had spent all its small birds in the remorseless *entourage*. Although this companionship is not invariable, you cannot look too closely at it for its supreme grace. It is but a glance you get of it; but, even so, it is the wonder of nature among the flight of birds. The only thing to compare with it is a fox-hound on the trail of its quarry.

Standing, some months ago, on the top of a monument on a hill, I witnessed the drawing of a covert by a pack. It turned out that there was not a fox in the wood, but only a roe-deer fawn. One of the hounds got on the scent of it, and for full three minutes there was pursuit. The timid fawn, strange to the noise, ran palpitatingly through the wood, now and again stopping to hearken, and always resuming as the deep bay of the hound drew nigh. Every devious curve in its progress that it took, the hound took, getting regularly into "check" where the deer had stood listening, then going on in the full assurance of unerring instinct. It was the small bird and the cuckoo all over again, their jerks and swerves and undulations in the air representing the devious running helter-skelter of fawn and hound in the wood below. At Capel Curig I parted company from the cuckoo, but not from the rule that the people in the district where they are to be found bestow little heed on them. In the Highlands of Scotland the ghillie and the shepherd, whose faces always seem to me incapable of any compromise between a smile and a sulk, are seldom able to enter into your inquiries about the cuckoo in the spirit in which, you are aware, they are made. What they do say is either a few words of universal acquiescence in the suggestions of your modest experience, or it partakes of the evasive, which is worse than downright repulse and rebuff. For one thing, with these ghillies and shepherds cuckoos are familiar as the pasturing family cow, which by use and wont has been expatriated from the regions of natural history; and they have no time, if we please, for the palavers of strangers about the commonplace cuckoo.

The most noted case of familiarity breeding contempt in the bosom of the cuckoos that has come into the line of my investigation happened a few years ago in that county of the Gillanders, Ross-shire. I was staying a week at Auchinault, on the Dingwall and Skye railway. Auchinault is comprised of a little dowdy inn, a railway station, a cow-byre, and a ewe-bucht; the ewe-bucht of old grass, fenced with a dry-stone windyke, leaning itself, in misplaced trust, on the lye of the railway station. The Kilmarnock bonnet of the period would very nearly cover this outlined frame of things, so dapper and unique is it. From the pine-clad height above, on the gentle rise of which is an ancient graveyard, defenceless to footsteps, the cuckoos would come to the

ewe-bucht, half-a-dozen of them at a time, and call out their ineffable monotones to the answering echoes, just as the mood was. On the cross-beam in the middle of the old grass-plot, used in the sheep-shearing time for suspending fleeces, the cuckoos would sit undisturbed, although twenty yards away a train was shunting or a truck of coals was being rolled into the siding from the train just departed. The ascription of romance, or of anything ideal, to the dash and peck and chirp of the home-staying sparrow has, so far as I am aware, not yet been made; and so, as I lazily reclined on the shoulder of an adjacent slope, regarding the audacities of the cuckoos, I pondered on their unabashed behaviors in the ewe-bucht beside the inattentive railway porter, deeply engrossed, perchance, with traffic returns, or with the final perseverance of the saints, and contrasted it with that dream about them which is a purple hemisphere in the realms of fancy that the bulk of folk have created, in their splendid goodness, as the cuckoo's ethereal home.

The geographical distances between Auchinault and Dunvegan, in Skye, and between Glengyle at the top of Loch Katrine and Loch Maree, are long; but I have done a good deal inside of those expanses to find out the law governing the distribution of the cuckoo. I own, however, that I have made little of it. I was unfortunate at Glengyle in not seeing a single cuckoo, although the bird was to be heard calling to me on a yew-tree a few yards away from the bed where first Scott's Gregarach saw the light. It was much the same up in Skye, where, during the week I was in it, there were a couple of deluges going on — one above and one below — with the cold blast screaming down the glens, and round the eddies, for skates and curling-stones. It was early morning when, coming down the MacDonald country from Sligichan to Broadford, I saw two making, it seemed to me, as much fuss in the air as they could to keep themselves warm, as when frozen-out operatives flap their arms from pinching cold. One had its twittering mimic in the attendant titlark; the other by its loneliness gave a further bad cheer to the desolations of my sodden trudge. A herd of red deer low down from the road, in a bed of tall fern, I remember, was the sole compensation to me in a scene that was very melancholy and for the aim of my visit entirely wasted. Nor have I got any assistance in the Loch Awe region; for thence to Tyndrum my eagerly used

eyes and ears frankly confessed themselves on the spot that they had been of no use to me, in accordance with the sterile luck of my life. It does not matter; for I went forth with an impression which, if it has been unconfirmed, has not been disturbed. The cuckoo comes back to the place it was bred and born in. As much as that is known of the salmon, and the fox itself lives inside of a circle. It applies also to the plover, which assigns to itself a sphere in the land, on the principle of laborers' allotments and farmers' leases. It has its march fences beyond which it will not go, except for the momentary frolic that comes from shy curiosity. In south Uist, which is treeless, with only gnarled and undulating rock, the blackbirds pipe their love-trills, as if within the cosiest spruce copse. This law of life, in virtue of usage, is everywhere among birds. I lately spent a forenoon driving the family ducks to an ice-pond; but they escaped into the shrubbery. They had never been in water, and they were too old to be compelled by entering it to become aquatic. In the county where I reside, I know a swamp of lank reeds, with a close-set thicket of spruce in it, which is in the direct line of travel between two oceans a hundred miles apart, and where you are sure in their migratory season to find the wild duck and the heron. As plain to me as is the swamp itself, is the hereditary gratitude of these great birds for the bog's continuing the refreshments of the olden time to the newer and the always unending passers-by. As visible to me as is the centipede on that tree root, is the signboard of the Duck and the Drake displayed aloft by the plough-gate which conducts from the swamp to the cot-house, and on which is the ancient legend, "Leisure here and grub for all Shore-going Wings." This thought of government by heredity and habit, however, is fanciful as a rule. It is inexpressibly sad, as illustrating this truth, to report that the kingfisher is no longer among the streams where I indignantly reside. I only am aware of one place within a range of forty miles where, I believe, he still fondly lingers. Fortunately, the cuckoo has not as yet hit the taste of empty headed women as decoration for their meretricious headgears. He is still sacred to the fowling-piece, and enjoys the privileged life that only a few years ago was abolished in the snaring of the larks. A rural air songless by reason of depraved and fantastic *gourmets* is, in France, a terrible but a just devastation.

It is painful to add that a similar caprice is stealing over the gastronomies and the head-pieces of our own people; for, the cuckoo excepted, the command has gone forth to kill indiscriminately. My view about this law of bird distribution is necessarily a guess; in connection with which let me offer a suggestion. Lighthouse-keepers, if they were a little instructed about migratory birds, could pour a flood of knowledge on those movements of theirs which are at present so obscure. At the bases of these beacon-shafts in the mid-oceans are constantly to be found materials for the ornithological observer, which, if utilized, would indicate the goals, the times, and the seasons, of these light-wrecked unfortunates dashing themselves on unexpected masonry while in search of the eternal summer, denied to farther-seeing mortals.

I now recount a little adventure that a few years ago brought me into closer intimacy with the cuckoo than had ever entered into my dream. Auchnasheen is the place for a choice of exits by the man who is going to the end of the universe, if he would in any event see the best of it before finally quitting it. West from it, towards Strome Ferry, is most certainly the loveliest railway drive in the Highlands. You cannot get advance, for curves and ups and downs; nor would you if you could. The fragrant air lulls the senses into resignation and wordless rapture. What in other scenes would be named the straining puffs of the toiling locomotive over hill and dale is here its plaintive sighing that it has to go on at all. In the vicinity of the station, its shadow almost darkening the platform, is the old castle, which, in my mind, claims the honor of having been the abode for a while of Mrs. Oliphant's "Wizard's Son." You approach Loch Maree very much as you do Grasmere from Dunmail Raise. There is the ribbon of creamy road before you, and the Mediterranean blue at the end of it. As you reach the flat in both cases the pace is apt to get into that of over ten miles an hour, heedless altogether about the reserve force that is needed for the trot up the avenue. Approaching Kinlochewe in this fashion, I saw something flutter in the tunnel of the road at the base of a bank of forget-me-nots, emerald sorrel, and dripping moss. On retracing the distance the wheels had overrun, I found a palpitating cuckoo. Its under bill was a little awry; there was a suspicion of blood about its mouth; and the front of its left wing appeared to be sore and

maimed. It tried to fly, but could not; and so it became my throbbing captive. The explanation of its misadventure was obviously this. In flying between the tawny Torridon range and the majestic Ben Slioch, who had clothed himself with the apparel of the midday sunlight, it had taken no account of the single telegraph-wire notifying to the tourist that it is no longer possible for him to be lost in space. In the hand as in the air the cuckoo is grace incarnate. A blue all pallor is the color of the down on its breast, as if it would partly share the wanness which the sky sometimes puts on when inwardly troubled with the news of needless rain, and the tint of the lichen which, like itself, is in the perpetual joy of a native home. Towards the throat goes that crescendo of brown specks which the cuckoo, with the thrush, wears like a muffler; the relative proportions of the pale blue down and the speckled muffler suggesting the red which the robin wears above his neutral and receding mauve. The distinguishing feature of the cuckoo, however, is the scythe curve of his large quill feathers. This it is which gives to its movement in flight that buoyant sweep which may be called the flight of poetry, which at once settles all disputes about whether the cuckoo, perchance, may be a sparrow-hawk, the bird nearest in likeness to it, but only in a superficial way, for the cuckoo lays itself with a softer compassion on the laboring air. Elated with my find, I addressed friend Hornby when I reached his hotel, with, I am afraid, a little unwarranted familiarity.

"You had the queen in your hotel last year, Mr. Hornby?"

"Yes, sir; and may God bless her."

"Amen. But had you ever a cuckoo in your hotel?"

"No, sir; never. Well, I declare!"

Whereupon ensued a good deal of fuss and excitement and coddling about that cuckoo. The end of it was that I took it back to Auchinault through a series of consultations with all on the road who looked like shepherds and gamekeepers. But barren, though various were all their pharmacies; because — I was sure of it — they entered neither into the spirit of myself nor into that of the cuckoo. Next morning I suddenly remembered, before breakfast, that blood is thicker than water; and that probably there was a cuckoo in medical practice, or a mother with a little love to spare; maybe a friend or brother to help, among these cuckoos in the ewe-bucht. In the notion that they

might share their repasts with it, even if their mediciner fellow was off gallivanting in the deer forest, I took it to a gentle knoll in the old grass-plot, where, at any rate, it would be, unlike Wolsey, naked to the gaze of its friends. I never saw it again. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed over breakfast before I was whistling to sheer vacancy in the extremity of lament. Whether the cuckoos had carried it into some home among their leafy refuges, and as near to heaven, I trusted, as they could, or whether some vile weasel had made a tragedy of my foundling, I never knew. Certain I am it was itself unable to hop into any cranny of the dry dyke, unless on the supposition that it had deceived me for a day and a night, which I will never believe. As it had too far to go to hide with what strength I thought it had left, I trusted that with it in the reunion with its kindred all was well as the end of its carriage drive with me.

Finally, let the two of us part in peace as thus:—

O bounty without measure! While the grace  
Of Heaven doth in such wise, from humblest  
springs,  
Pour pleasure forth, and solaces that trace  
A mazy course along familiar things,  
Well may our hearts have faith that blessings  
come,  
Streaming from founts along the starry sky,  
With angels, when their own untroubled home  
They leave, and speed on nightly embassy  
To visit earthly chambers—and for whom?  
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance  
try,  
And those that seek His help, and for His  
mercy sigh.

WILLIAM HODGSON.

From The Fortnightly Review.  
ARTIST LIFE IN ROME, PAST AND  
PRESENT.

THACKERAY in his "Newcomes," touching with graphic pencil the congenial studio life in Rome of former days, says, "When Clive Newcome comes to be old"—and here, it may be presumed, personal reminiscence moved his pen—"he will remember his Roman days as amongst the happiest which fate ever awarded him." Goethe, too, dwelt upon that part of his life when he sojourned in the ancient city as the holiday of his existence, and is reported to have said, in his conversations with Eckermann, "Compared with my situation at Rome, I have never since felt real gladness." To realize these condi-

tions of feeling in the clearest manner the charm of its intoxication must have been experienced. Although the old light still lingers in the dim corners of its narrow streets and ancestral palaces—such of them as remain—one must have dwelt within its walls in past days in order fully to appreciate that strange fascination which took hold upon these writers, and which has not infrequently held those who had come to it for a visit of a week or two, till the stronger arm of death has laid them asleep beneath the cypresses that shade the tomb of the brother poets, whose verses yet fill our hearts with an entrancing sweetness. Even here in sober moments the softer nature loves to muse and brood, and, lulled by the distant sounds of the city and the song-bird's melody, fancy the cold pillow less hard and lonely, "half in love with easeful Death," soothed by the alternations of silence and repose in this tranquil spot.

Very fast the former mediæval character of the city is being obliterated. Street after street is rebuilt in the newest and most monotonous fashion. Stuccoed fronts and loaded window-frames are a poor substitute for the picturesque quaintness of its demolished buildings. Some of its most interesting churches are elbowed almost out of existence by the tide of modern life. The open loggia, with its pots of flowers and green trellises, is quickly vanishing; the numerous gardens of former years, through the gateways of which might be seen an old world mossy fountain between trees of yellow lemon and golden orange glowing amidst the dark foliage, festoons of the thickly flowered banksia overflowing the walls, are now becoming a thing of the past. Its ancient villas are being mapped out into building-lots; all is fast changing.

Not to dwell, however, on these changes—it is, perhaps, hardly worth while to do so—memory points to more congenial times and surroundings; and it is chiefly with these that I purpose to occupy the reader's attention for a few moments from the weight of graver matters.

Twenty years may be looked upon in these days of hurried living as a considerable portion of a lifetime. Twenty years in Rome have seen the changes of almost fifty years in England; the changes from an old world to a new one. Twenty years ago Rome for the artist was as a quiet nook in the world wherein he might enjoy the advantages of both town and country. Even in its busier streets he might have planted his easel, and beyond

the curiosity of a few loiterers he would not have been molested. His lodging, too, if not luxurious, would have been cheap, clean, and comfortable, quite without the dinginess of a north European town. He would have found his homely quarters in some old and rambling house up many flights of stairs, through passages partitioned off from rooms which, with the strange characteristics of Roman house architecture, were only to be entered each from the other unless by special adaptation. Once in his nest, he would probably have overlooked a cheerful garden, a quaint *cortile* with a gurgling fountain to which noisy cans were let down from the surrounding windows by guiding wires and hoisted up, splashing and clanking, by means of creaking pulleys; or perhaps a more extended view would have gladdened him, companion of the dawn and sunset, some portion of the network of the city spread beneath him with the glimpse of a spectral dome in the distance. The early Angelus rung out from a neighboring campanile would have waked him before the day, but only that he might remember he was in Rome and sleep the more soundly for the waking. For his meals — they were rarely to be had in the house — he would have found out some old fashioned *trattoria*, not easily discovered by the chance stranger, haunt of friendly and congenial souls of a like fraternity. If the weather were sufficiently warm his table might have been spread in a back garden beneath the shelter of screening vines. Here he would have sipped his Velletri or Marino, or if more luxuriously inclined, his *est-est*, the pride of Monte Fiascone, and have smoked his ridiculously cheap and not too good cigar with the most perfect satisfaction. His breakfast would always have been taken at the Caffé Greco, that ancient resort of the artists and literati of all countries. Here he would have seen, at the time of which I speak, if he had gone at a sufficiently early hour, a man of spare form and figure, rather below the average height. His head was finely modelled, the features showing a certain severity of line. He rarely laughed, but there always seemed to be a keen sense of dry humor underlying his seriousness of deportment. This was John Gibson, the sculptor. His sayings were sententious and incisive, but were always given in the quietest of tones. Particularly did he delight, with the authority of a veteran, to lecture young painters and sculptors on the advantages of early rising;

and woe to the *protégé* or young practitioner who only called for his coffee as he was finishing his own. In his department his sway was absolute. But, alas! for human greatness. I am afraid he is now being fast forgotten, for all his ambitious aims and his really fine spirited works. How many are there now of the thousands who crowd the annual exhibitions at Burlington House who climb the narrower staircase to the rooms where his beloved works are stored? Begrimed by the smoke of a London atmosphere in their unregarded solitude, the delicate marbles which almost seemed to hold the life-blood beneath their immaculate surface untainted in the light and ether of Rome (and perhaps even their artistic surroundings did something for them), now wear the forlorn aspect of neglected and deserted children, their beauty hardly discerned in the cold and indifferent city wherein they have found their uncongenial home. To return to the man. Many an evening at the twilight hour have I sat in his studio listening to his quaint stories, interspersed with autobiographical incidents from his early life. These were told in so original a manner that it would be impossible to reproduce them in any other than the exact words used in the telling. There was a droll sense of suppressed humor in all he uttered which reminded one of Charles Lamb in some of his happier touches. He lived for his art and died in its willing service; and, perhaps, if the dull, cold ear of death could have heard the salute fired over his grave from French muskets when the last solemn words had been said, he would not have slept the less soundly; for professional renown was dear to him. Another figure, too, stands out from the past through the smoky atmosphere of that sacred resort. Taller and stouter than his friend was the person and form of a brother artist, but of the brush, not the chisel. It was that of Penry Williams. Once reputed amongst the distinguished men of his time, he held a respectable position in his art. One must not, however, judge him by his latest works. Some of his earlier studies, but just now dispersed, might have held a worthy position amongst the Coxes and Cotmans of a bygone time. Only a few months ago he found his last resting-place not far from that of his valued friend and companion. Many who sat there then and since, whose names are before the public, eminent in their profession, loom through the cloudy shades of this second Mermaid Tavern, now only a name

and a memory. True, it exists still. But its benches are deserted, its glory has gone. No more the nations meet in its dingy recesses. A few evening habitués occupy its seats behind the marble-topped tables, on which as many drawings and sketches have been made and ruthlessly wiped out by the waiters as would stock the portfolios of the most greedy dilettante; heads, figures, landscapes, in all grades of seriousness and humor. They who drew them go there no more.

Amongst the pleasant memories of artist life in Rome in former days must be numbered those of long, sunny rambles across the Campagna, when a little band of artist folk would join each other in such an excursion. The charm and fascination of the Roman Campagna has been often dwelt upon. The expansive slopes, with here and there a broken ruin rising from the sod, desolate monument of a vanished order, the solitary *tenuta*, or farm, with its grey walls on which the sunshine broods all day, with perhaps a decapitated mediæval tower rising beside it, the marshy valleys in which the long-horned cattle feed, the wandering river, Arno or Tiber, flowing silently, taking the reflection of the blue sky, the striding aqueduct, the distant mountains, friends of the sun, speckled with glittering homestead and sparkling town — all beautiful, almost eerie and weird in a sense of solemn, far-spreading grandeur, overshadowed, as it were, by the wing of memory and the vague apprehension of more momentous events than memory records. Felt all this may have been, but it is not in the healthy artist's temperament to dwell too long on the sentimental side of nature or circumstance. Joke and laughter rang in the crystal air, now and then a stoppage being proclaimed to observe some remarkable passage and to review its adaptation to a pictorial purpose. "Do you see that middle distance?" says one, shading his eyes, "now that is all scumbling." "No," says another, "it is undoubtedly glazed." "I assure you," says the first, "I am right, for if you will look carefully you may see the marks of the brush." Such sallies are greeted with a hearty laugh, for if the wit be little at such moments, merriment is not wanting. Often these excursions were prolonged to the distant mountains, where a substantial meal repaired the fatigue of a somewhat lengthy walk.

Whilst dwelling on the Campagna I recall the name of one of its worthier representatives in art, that of J. Collingham Moore. The tenderness and subtlety of

its lines and colors were happily and faithfully rendered on his paper. His mode of study was a conscientious one, and might be considered exemplary in these days of the slavish reproduction of the appearance of nature which often makes that which should be accounted a study take the place of the more thoughtful picture. It was this. He would with great care and much consideration make choice of a subject. A colored drawing was then undertaken of the passage selected. Then by hour-long observation, frequent visits being made to the spot at the time of the effect chosen for the picture, and with many pencil notes, the scene was thoroughly absorbed, digested, so to speak, in the mind during the whole painting of the picture. By this means the work obtained an individuality, an inward truthfulness, which gave it a personal value and importance, bearing the thoughtfulness within it by which it had been wrought out. When the tawny Tiber flowed through his landscape it did not fail to carry on its surface that strange intermingling of heaven and earth — the blue of the sky reflected on the mud of its eddy — so difficult to render, which is its especial characteristic.

In the memory of names not yet extinct in the artist society of Rome must be mentioned that of Fortuny, the Spanish painter, as endowed with a fine genius which has left its mark on the generation. There was something noble in his personality. Youthful, vigorous, spirited, his handsome face and manly figure gave the stamp to an unaffected and genial character which won the regard of all that knew him. He wrought in a roomy studio outside of the Porta del Popolo in an old palace, for inside the town he could not find a studio to contain his larger canvases. He had accompanied the Spanish expedition to Morocco, commissioned to represent pictorially scenes from the campaign. One of these was particularly fine. It was a charge of cavalry little more than sketched in, the canvas hardly covered in some places, but nothing could exceed the force, energy, and robust grasp with which he had treated the subject. Everything was right at the first touch. One expected the horses to leap from the canvas, so spiritedly and with so much animation and power were they conceived and laid in. Scarcely less striking and remarkable were other studies done at the same time and place. Dark Moorish gateways, with a brightly colored figure or two and a few cocks and hens, recalled

the glare of African suns and the strange reality of un-European surroundings. Whether amidst such scenes as these, or in the salons of bygone times in which the velvet-coated connoisseur nosed about his portfolios and pictures, his genius was equally at home. Unpretentious and modest, at this time his work was not much regarded, partly because it was but little known, but more because it was a new interpretation of the forms and appearances of nature. The old lines were left and a new point of view established; a sin whose punishment is not only felt in the artist's profession. He did not, however, want appreciators then amongst the few, and lived to gain a reputation with the many. Dying in the bloom of his powers he left a warm memory behind him, and his tomb in the Campo Verano — the burial-place of Rome — is still kept green with unforgetful wreaths and brightened with flowers, tokens of esteem for his work and affection for his person not soon to be extinguished.

Much, however, as one may be impressed with his work, one cannot consider that his influence has been altogether a wholesome or a beneficial one. He has given tone and character to the whole school of modern painting in Rome, and his influence extends beyond it. In spite of his dexterity, his marvellous subtlety of rendering, his keen insight into the minute and characteristic, one feels ultimately that it is not the best thing in art. Sensuous (not sensual) in perception, just in representation, it yet fails to reach the profounder feelings of the heart and of the mind. Soul it has, but it is the soul of a material order. It sees the outside of things, but the higher significance, the finer perception which belongs to the noblest exponents of art, is certainly wanting. It is conceived and expressed in the material element without any traces of the spirit's power. But for this reason it suits the Italian idiosyncrasy and has been accepted and prosecuted to a degree which, wanting the impressiveness and vitality of the first master, becomes somewhat of a monotony and weariness.

Other memories of bygone days will take us during the hot season to the annual *villeggiatura* amongst the mountains. Tivoli, with its romantic gorge, wonderful cascades, and the Villa d'Este, rises up before us bathed in flooding sunshine, the little round temple overlooking the dim ravine beneath the peristyle of which the midday meal was served, whence were

seen the silvery fall in whose misty spray the sun wove a mystic web of prismatic colors, the broken convent, and the olive-clad hillside. Lulled with the murmur of a score of waterfalls, the night passed tranquilly, and early morning found the busy workers of the pencil and the brush dispersed in hollow glen and shady orchard. But beyond this our journey is laid amongst the mountains. Following the course of the Arno during a slow day's journey in a lumbering diligence, accompanied with the jingle of many bells, Subiaco is reached, notable home of St. Benedict of religious memory, and site of those strange chapels with their monastery built against the side of a rock as it might be a swallow's nest. Still onward amongst the mountains our journey leads us until we reach that artist's paradise of the old days, Olevano. Occupying the hillside, it shimmers in the sun, its grim castle rising in green and hoary ruin, a picturesque mark for every painter. Here a congenial little company is assembled of various nationalities, but all of one professional aim. What matter though they tread upon bricked floors, that their fare is simple, that even an unlucky shower should penetrate their bedchamber roof — although, it must be confessed, it is rather hard to remain in bed with an umbrella up — they are happy, they are young; life has not yet for them too many cares, and they are content to let the world wag. But who shall tell the glory of one showery evening there? There lies an undulating plain streaked with cool, grey shadow and rich sunshine, an expanse of many colors. Thread-like roads wind hither and thither by farm and fold, and many a white cottage home, glistening and shining. Yonder the distant Volscian and Hernican hills rise clothed in silver and gold and solemn blue, crowned with clouds of various hues and shades. Surely the earth has become transfigured and rejoices at heart with the joy of the old Eden. Paint never pictured a scene like that. Pencils are plied, but never more in vain.

However far may be dispersed the members of this little band during the day they always meet in the evening. Amongst the company of guests there is M. Carolus Duran, the now well known French painter, vigorous of pencil. Does he still remember in the busy capital in which he plies his professional labors those rich summer evenings, the ramble amongst the hills, and the songs we sang when the tired night, overwatched by its

thousands of stars, slept on the earth, and the crescent moon just touched the glimmering houses and ghostly campanile, "washing the dusk with silver"?

But all the world is going on pilgrimage. Long before the dawn of day, even at the midnight hour, we are up and away, a motley band, to the great festa of Santa Maria di Buon Consiglio at Genazzano, amongst the mountains by Palestrina. Peasants, proprietors, beggars, donkey-boys, all proceed along the dusty roads. We linger behind, walking in silence. The night is solemn and impressive; a faint gleam tinges the east, it becomes brighter and brighter; soon the sun rises in a fountain of light. At the same instant the white gateway of the town of our destination comes into view. As we gaze with wonder on its sun-lighted picturesqueness, a long procession descends from the portal to the valley beneath, and hark! the faint sounds of singing voices are wafted towards us. They gather volume as the long procession threads the valley. It is composed of peasant people, all wearing the favor of artificial flowers which commemorates the occasion. Men and women are clad in the costume of their district; the latter carry baskets on their heads containing their purchases in the town, and in some of them a sleeping or swaddled infant. And so they wind amongst the hills singing until they are out of sight. Entering the town, we are met by a motley crowd. Vendors of every known comestible, pigs, fowls, and other live stock running hither and thither in the utmost confusion. The country people jostle each other, laugh, talk, quarrel with the wildest gesticulations, never are silent. We enter the church; it is packed with persons, many kneeling, others standing. Soon a stir of excitement is seen at the door. A woman leads her son along the floor with the aid of a handkerchief which he holds by one corner. His head touches the pavement as he moves; he is on all fours; the crowd slowly opens to allow a passage for the devotees, closing quickly behind them. As they proceed, loud cries are raised in the church: "Eviva Maria!" rings loudly again and again under the vault from many voices. Thus crawling, he reaches the chapel of the shrine of the Madonna of Buon Consiglio, to visit which is the object of so many pilgrims. It is separated from the church by a *cancelli*, or grating. Arriving at this grating, the poor fellow raises himself; vacantly he looks towards the object of his visit — vacantly, as if hardly aware

of his position. Is it that he has been shaken with ague, consumed with fever, racked by rheumatic pains, that fate has laid so heavy a hand upon him? Not old, nor young, nor yet of middle life, but *yearless* (if a word may be coined), he stands gazing at the shrine. His mother in the mean time throws herself against the grating, and with strong cries and tears implores help for her sorely visited son. Her cries become piercingly wild and shrill, whilst those of the crowd are redoubled. The effect is thrilling. Does she expect a miracle to be wrought for her son? Alas! there is none; vacant he came, vacant he departs. Through all this the priest continues his office at the altar, not so much as once turning about to see the occasion of the excitement which prevails around him. His heart may not be a hard one; he is used to such demonstrations.

Leaving the church a *trattoria* is entered for the purpose of supplying the mortal machine with the fuel of life. It is the only restaurant in the place, crowded, hot, noisy, odorous. We pass through into the garden; every seat under shelter from the blazing sun is occupied. We wait patiently. The sun beats upon us with the reflected heat from the opposite range of hills. Is it possible to endure any longer? The perspiration oozes through the coats of some of my companions — a heat to cook a steak to a turn in half an hour. After a while we find a shed under which seats and table are set, and hunger, at least, is satisfied. The return journey at night is made long after sunset. The stars sparkle over Olevano's dim tower as we reach it at the dead hour, and for that night no hard beds or howling peasant at dawn wake the sleepers from their well-earned repose. But this is far from Rome; and now the summer is over. Autuma creeps down the mountain-side with his mellow tints, his chilly mornings and evenings. The city of the big dome calls us once more within its crumbling walls, where many greetings await us from friends who have been absent in other directions. Work is resumed. The artist is at home again.

Of the present artist life in Rome not so much is to be said. But still and always Rome will have an irresistible attraction for the art-worker and to the artistic temperament. Its abundant light, its pictorial surroundings, the untamed Campagna, the art atmosphere which pervades the place, must always beckon the student and throw over him the spell of their

enchantment. Then the Vatican remains with its treasures of all time. Much as has been written and spoken of Michael Angelo, frequently as his noble inspirations have been reproduced in every form, to the reverent art-student they will yet appeal with a new voice; to the man they will open up the possibilities of a grander range of being, a more splendid ambition than material life inspires or commands. They will reveal the soul to him who looks for it, and teach him what those words mean, "God created man in his own image." In this respect at least—as moral indicators—they have not yet been done justice to. There needs a Plato and a Shakespeare to verify and expound them. In Raphael the founts are not so affluent, so profound. There is not the same high moral and intellectual significance in his works. They are not revelations, nor yet creations in the higher sense of the term. They are illustrations, commentaries. They will, however, always enchain the world from this point of view, and they have the right to do so. The study of the ancient marbles, too, must always bring the student to Rome. It has still something left to us which cannot be destroyed by modern changes. As a school for painters, however, it must be confessed, Rome does not offer the highest advantages. The art of painting is taught in no studio likely to be of benefit to the art-student, neither is its direction likely to influence him for good. Some of its leading works are conceived and executed with the too prevailing horrors of carnage and death. The canvas is too often baptized in blood; the "last kiss" is that exchanged between two dis severed heads suspended at the door of a harem.

In Rome there is no general exhibition in which the student may see and compare even local works, to say nothing of a wider field such as the Salon of Paris offers. Undoubtedly Paris is and must remain the first school in Europe for those who would learn methods and manipulation, and compare their own work with that of others in the widest variety. There the student will see the many modes of expression and wide diversity of direction, all qualities and all manners of modern workmanship, by means of which he will be able to select what he wants and reject what is useless to him. It is true that in no country in Europe at this moment can the elements of an art education be better acquired than in England. But that is not all that is necessary; the language of art acquired, and perhaps something more,

let the unfledged painter come to Italy and visit Rome. Let him follow the tranquil studio life he can obtain here better than anywhere, enough to stimulate him without hurry and confusion. Here he may progress in the development of his powers, searching earnestly for that which lies within him till he finds and unfolds it. On every hand he will find pictorial suggestiveness. He may here quietly study some of the noblest works. Titian's "Sacred and Profane Love," for example, embraces an art education in itself, with its profound thoughtfulness, its luminous radiance, its glow of living color. Other works, too, may enchain him, not too many for perplexity, but enough for progress and advancement. Speaking of the means of art study in Rome, there is the British Academy, which is efficiently kept for the use of students during the winter months. It has recently been newly organized. Nightly, models are provided, and there is a pleasant reading-room sufficiently supplied with English books and journals, all free of cost. This institution deserves a better support and attendance than it usually obtains. Although many who stand highest in the art of England at present have made good use of it, it has never received the official recognition of the Royal Academy beyond a friendly feeling shown towards it, nor has any disposition been shown to make it a foundation by attachment, as is the case with the Academy of France in the establishment of the Prix de Rome scholarship. But neither do I think this is unwisely done. The heads of the art institutions of England have felt that fixed residences, with stipends attached to them, however efficiently directed and controlled, are less likely to be useful to the well-grounded student than a travelling scholarship, thus enabling him to visit the various art centres of Europe, by means of which, it is reasonably supposed, more will be acquired than by a fixed residence in one spot, however important that spot may be in itself. Besides this British Academy, there are many conveniences for art study in Rome, both public and private, by which an art education can be advanced.

But with the changes in Rome student life has changed too. In former days when the dilettante came to Rome he remained during the winter season, and was as ambitious to be considered a patron of art as to supply himself with beautiful things. He rarely went away without some memorial, picture or statue, of his visit. Coming into immediate contact

with the artist gave a zest to his transactions. Now it is different. The Italian artist sends his works to Paris and London; some of them more familiar in the exhibitions of those and other capitals than they are in Rome. The artist himself, too, affects the atmosphere of drawing-rooms, and often loves better the adulations of the ignorant than the wholesome strictures of his compeers, and thus suffers loss. Yet still, whilst Rome stands it will probably keep its little coterie of earnest workers in art who live in the informal ways, their studios (mostly green and mossy retreats, which the spirit of modern change has, so far, fortunately forgotten) not yet encumbered with the stock of a bric-à-brac shop — one of the great obstacles to seriousness in art in more ways than one — giving themselves to the thoughtful reproduction of their higher imaginings, and in the friendly spirit of old days reviewing the works of their companions, not disdaining the social pipe or meerschau, nor treating serious subjects the less earnestly for the genial joke and sea-sonable laughter.

WILLIAM DAVIES.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

#### GENERAL READERS; BY ONE OF THEM.

I HAVE written in my time a good deal for the magazines; perhaps it would be more truthful to say I have written a good deal to them. *Litera scripta manet*; much of my writing has remained with me, or vanished in the form of pipe-lights — no doubt a more illuminating form than that originally designed for it. My vanity — the patron saint of Grub Street — will not suffer me to suppose there are no others who have known the same mischance. Their experiences may very possibly march with mine. Different editors have different modes of gilding the nauseous pill of rejection; some I have known to thrust it on you undisguised; and doubtless there are acute stages of the scribbling malady which require such drastic treatment, though the instant cruelty which is to bear the fruit of kindness is perhaps rarely appreciated by the patient. But by far the most common form the bitter message takes — and for all its politeness the most irritating, as the most impossible to gainsay — is that which assumes the poor offering, though, like Rose Aylmer, adorned with every virtue and every grace, to lack the

one essential quality of being "likely to interest the general reader."

Who is a General Reader? What is he? Does he disburse shillings and half-crowns at the Right Honorable Mr. Smith's book-stalls, and other places where the magazines are gathered together? Or is he, perchance, some nebulous monster, a phantom (not of delight) born of the weary patience of an editor, still striving in his utmost need to be courteous —

an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery?

"Some read to think — these are rare; some to write — these are common; and some read to talk — and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices for all the purposes of this latter class of whom it has been said that they treat books as some do lords, they inform themselves of their titles and then boast of an intimate acquaintance." So says the author of "Lacon." Is any one of these a General Reader? Are they all General Readers? I have heard of a man who every morning of his life reads carefully through the *Times*, the *Standard*, the *Daily News*, the *Morning Post*, and the *Daily Telegraph*, supplementing this generous diet in the afternoon with the *Globe* and the two *Gazettes*, and then making a light supper off the *Evening Standard*. What is he, or, what was he? For it is three or four years since I first heard of him, and can hardly imagine him to be alive now.

In a most agreeable and instructive little book just lately published\* this voracious bibliophagist rears his unblushing front again, naked and not a whit ashamed. "Your 'general reader,' like the gravedigger in 'Hamlet,' is hail-fellow with all the mighty dead; he pats the skull of the jester; batters the cheek of lord, lady, or courtier; and uses 'imperious Cæsar' to teach boys the Latin declensions." Mr. Harrison does not, as might be thought from this passage, intend the term for a reproach. On the contrary, he says elsewhere that "whether our reading be great or small, so far as it goes, it should be general." And again, "If our lives admit of but a short space for reading, all the more reason that, so far as may be, it should remind us of the vast expanse of human thought, and the wonderful variety of human nature." And yet again: "Our reading will be sadly one-sided, however

\* The Choice of Books and other Literary Pieces. By Frederick Harrison. London, 1886.

voluminous it be, if it entirely close to us any of the great types and ideals which the creative instinct of man has produced, if it shut out from us either the ancient world, or other European poetry, as important almost as our own. When our reading, however deep, runs wholly into 'pockets,' and exhausts itself in the literature of one age, one country, one type, then we may be sure that it is tending to narrow or deform our minds." Yet he talks also of the "systematic reader," the "student of literature," and so forth. It is a little perplexing.

In the essay, or series of essays, which gives its title to the volume, and with which I am for the present mainly concerned, for the rest contenting myself with a humble but sincere welcome to one book which, amid all this busy garnering of barren sheaves, was really worth the making — in that leading essay Mr. Harrison suggests a course of reading for one whom he himself decides to call a General Reader. It is large and generous enough to have satisfied both Gibbon and Macaulay, those great pre-eminent readers who have recorded that they would not exchange their love of books for all the kingdoms of this world and the riches thereof. In brief it may be said to comprise, to use the old familiar phrase, the best of all that has been thought and said in the world, the best in poetry, philosophy, history, fiction — *and the best only.*

"To put out of the question that writing which is positively bad, are we not, amidst the multiplicity of books and of writers, in continual danger of being drawn off by what is stimulating rather than solid, by curiosity after something accidentally notorious, by what has no intelligible thing to recommend it except that it is new? Now to stuff our minds with what is simply trivial, simply curious, or that which at best has but a low nutritive power, this is to close our minds to what is solid and enlarging, and spiritually sustaining. Whether our neglect of the great books comes from our not reading at all, or from an incorrigible habit of reading the little books, it ends in just the same thing. And that thing is ignorance of all the greater literature of the world. To neglect all the abiding parts of knowledge for the sake of the evanescent parts is really to know nothing worth knowing. It is in the end the same, whether we do not use our minds for serious study at all, or whether we exhaust them by an impotent voracity for desul-

tory 'information,' — a thing as fruitful as whistling. Of the two evils, I prefer the former. At least, in that case, the mind is healthy and open. It is not gorged and enfeebled by excess in that which cannot nourish, much less enlarge and beautify our nature."

Now if the General Reader be one habitually trained on such nourishing diet, so stimulating surely as well as solid, an editor would certainly be right to reject my chapter from the lives of the washerwomen of England, or my essay on Milton's three mothers-in-law, deduced from his behavior to his three wives (Mr. Harrison has suggested these subjects to me), as unlikely to interest an intelligence so formed. But how about my thoughtful and scholarly article (one of the editors who rejected it gave it this praise) on the literature of the Ojibbeways, or that other one on the lost Decades of Livy?

We may take Macaulay, I suppose, as a pretty good type of a general reader. Byron, to be sure, must have been no bad one, if the list of books he had read when he was nineteen (including, to his regret, so he says, four thousand novels! — one would hardly have thought so many had been written in the year 1807) be a true one — which, as it rests only on his own word, it possibly was not. For though Mr. Ruskin has praised him for the "measured and living truth" of his poetry, it is pretty certain that he had a knack of economizing that valuable gift in his more personal moments. I do not know that any one has yet included this economy in the enormous catalogue of crimes the present age has discovered in Macaulay. He may (or he may not) have strayed beyond the strict bounds of fact in his public writings; but in the outpourings of his private pen it must be clear, even to the most jaundiced eye, that he did not. "I am always glad to make my little girl happy," he writes to his niece Margaret, "and nothing pleases me so much as to see that she likes books. For when she is as old as I am she will find that they are better than all the tarts, and cakes, and toys, and plays, and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king that ever lived, with palaces, and gardens, and fine dinners, and wine, and coaches, and beautiful clothes, and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be a king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading." Who can doubt him?

Now, Mr. Harrison's theory is that every time one reads a bad book — a book, that is to say, not truly instructive, not formative — so much is taken from our power of recognizing and appreciating a good one. His list is, let me say again, sufficiently catholic, and should, one fancies, be found not altogether wanting even by those steadily inclined not to be serious. Shakespeare and Molière, "Don Quixote" and "The Vicar of Wakefield," the "Arabian Nights" (not the new Rev. Valenta Arabica of Captain Burton), "Tom Jones" and "Clarissa Harlowe," "Vanity Fair" and "Pickwick," and all Sir Walter Scott — for which last Mr. Harrison may be forgiven for suggesting immortality to "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Middlemarch" — in such a list some comfort may surely be found by those who shake their heads at Homer and Virgil, Dante and Milton, or, like Mr. James Smiley's friend, can see no point in the "Frogs" of Aristophanes.

Macaulay read these books, not once but many times. An insatiable reader he was, if man ever was, but he was not one of those justly banned by Mr. Harrison who "have read all these household books many years ago, read them, and judged them, and put them away forever." He had soaked himself in them; their happy thoughts and golden phrases came flowing in unending streams to his lips as he talked, to his pen as he wrote. His memory, some have said who heard him talk, was prodigious, but a prodigious nuisance. How that may have been we, who never heard him talk, cannot tell; but Charles Greville, who spoke well of few men, at least did not think so. His memory, to us who can only read him, is certainly no nuisance. What General Reader does not remember that "Roundabout Paper" in which Thackeray did ample and gracious penance for what was after all but a jest of his frolic time? Who knows not his picture of Macaulay pacing up and down the library of the Athenæum, glorifying with his splashes of imperial purple the milk-white virtues of "Clarissa"? "I dare say," writes his amused admiring hearer, "he could have spoken pages of the book — of that book, and of what countless piles of others!"

Countless, indeed! — and of others Mr. Harrison certainly would not suffer in his list. "His intimate acquaintance with a work," writes Mr. Trevelyan, "was no proof of its merit." And then he goes on to tell us, on his mother's authority, some of the works his uncle was intimately

acquainted with; the romances of Mrs. Meeke and of Mrs. Kitty Cuthbertson, "Santo Sebastiano, or the Young Protector," "Adelaide, or the Countercharm," "The Romance of the Pyrenees," and so forth. The first of these literary treasures was once sold at an auction, and Macaulay, bidding against Miss Eden, became its happy possessor at a fabulous price. How carefully he had studied it is proved by an elaborate computation on the last page of the number of fainting-fits that occur in the course of the five volumes — for those were the days when men liked their little long. Of these aberrations of the soul there were twenty-seven in all, no less than eleven well-defined and separate swoons falling to the share of the heroine. "The day on which he detected, in the darkest recesses of a Holborn book-stall, some trumpery romance that had been in the Cambridge circulating libraries of the year 1820, was a date marked with a white stone in his calendar. He exults in his diary over the discovery of a wretched novel called 'Conscience,' which he himself confesses to be 'execrable trash,' as triumphantly as if it had been a first folio edition of Shakespeare with an inch and a half of margin." He spent part of the summer of 1853 at Tunbridge Wells, a place familiar and well-loved in his youth, and he notes with delight how he discovered in a corner of Nash's reading-room, "Sally More's novel, unseen since 1816." After a debauch on the "Republic" in the same summer, he could turn to the "Mystères de Paris," and vow that Sue had "quite put poor Plato's nose out of joint." In 1851 he wrote to Ellis from Malvern that he missed him much, but consoled himself as well as he could with Demosthenes, Goethe, Lord Campbell, and Miss Ferrier.

But this omnivorous appetite did not destroy Macaulay's appreciation of the finer and more nourishing kinds of intellectual food. He got no pleasure from books, he confesses, equal to that of "reading over for the hundredth time great productions which I know almost by heart." When at Malvern he tells Ellis that he read at one stretch fourteen books of the *Odyssey*, walking to Worcester and back. And again, in his diary: "I walked far into Herefordshire, and read, while walking, the last five books of the *Iliad*, with deep interest and many tears. I was afraid to be seen crying by the parties of walkers that met me as I came back, crying for Achilles cutting off his hair, crying for Priam rolling on the

ground in the courtyard of his house; mere imaginary beings, creatures of an old ballad-maker who died near three thousand years ago." He had Herodotus's account of the battle of Marathon by heart, and Thucydides's account of the siege of Syracuse; Cicero, we are told, was as real to him as Peel, and Curio as Stanley; he could not read the "De Corona" even for the twentieth time "without striking his clenched fist at least once a minute on the arm of his easy-chair." With the literature of modern languages, too, he was no less familiar; and lest those who may hold with Ensign Northerton concerning the masters of the old world should turn in disgust from the specimens here given of Macaulay's reading, let it be added that he was as familiar with his "Pickwick" as with his "Clarissa."

But this, some one will say, was an exceptional man; what was sport to his, would have been death to the brain of any other man. Well, certainly the brains of Macaulay are not found in every skull. But, one cannot but ask, must not Mr. Harrison's General Reader be something also of an exception? will not he, too, have a strain of the black swan in him?

To read the best in literature; to read it always, and to read it only. Wise counsel; but who shall fulfil it? Does not such an education presuppose a condition of mind and fortune—one might almost say, too, of body—rare indeed in this much-harassed age, if possible at all? A monk of the Thebaid, Saint Simeon on his pillar, that sage, "hoar-headed, wrinkled, clad in white," who forever, in Mr. Arnold's beautiful lines, ponders God's mysteries amid the eternal snows of the Himalayas—for such happy beings conditions such as Mr. Harrison presupposes for his ideal reader might have been possible; or possible in nearer, but yet as vanished times they might have been, when our universities were truly homes of learning, cities of refuge, unvexed by the storms that raged outside their happy grounds, before they set themselves to catch and reproduce some feeble echoes of those empty tempests. But where, for whom, is such a life possible now? We must all be up and doing; with heavy hearts or light we must all

Into the world and wave of men depart.

Even the most futile can get seats in Parliament—and do. The scanty moments most of us can spare to literature must be given to the newspaper, or to the last

popular novel or treatise on irreligion, taken as an anodyne before bedtime. With our nerves always at high pressure, and our brains distraught with the multiplicity of trifles which make up the sum of most lives, how can we set ourselves in order to listen to the great voices echoing from

The mountain-tops where is the home of truth?

Mr. Harrison admits that to seek the company of these immortals as one would chat with a pleasant friend over a cigar is a vain thing. "When," he asks, "when will men understand that the reading of great books is a faculty to be acquired, not a natural gift, at least not to those who are spoiled by our current education and habits of life?" They need a certain freedom of mind, a clearness of brain, and perhaps a certain austerity of mood, to be properly read. The palate must be clean to taste them truly, as they were wines of some rare vintage. Charles Lamb declared that Milton almost required "a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which who listens had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears." He also vowed that he had once soothed a melancholy night with a pipe of tobacco, a bottle of port, and "King Lear;" at least, he told Coleridge he had done so; but one cannot help speculating on the share each of these anodynes contributed to the net result. In any frame of mind I doubt whether port wine and tobacco could be the most convenient adornments for "King Lear," though they might serve as a pretty relish for the humors of Falstaff. Even those who can, and do, give more time to literature—especially those who must, as the author of "Lacon" says, read a little to write—cannot be always in trim for the best, and the best only. To force oneself to read this great solid best when one really craves something a little less good, a little lighter, more easy of digestion, as it were, is a far worse thing than to keep always from it. The brain, I take it, is much as the stomach. When a man has come to the years of discretion—the phrase is perhaps more current than certain, but let it pass—if he does not know what to eat, drink, and avoid according to his condition and habit, not all the doctors in the world will help him. There is not one universal stomach; nay, has not one man many stomachs? What is good for him to-day may not be good for him to-morrow. That is why these rules for diet so much in vogue just

at present are really such supreme nonsense, as none, let us fervently hope for the credit of the faculty, know better than the doctors themselves. And it is much the same, I take it, with books and reading. The real secret is to know what fare the intellectual stomach needs at the moment. "A man," said Samuel Johnson, "ought to read just as inclination leads him; for what he reads as a task will do him little good." "I read," wrote Macaulay in his journal, "Henderson's 'Iceland' at breakfast; a favorite breakfast book with me. Why? How oddly we are made! Some books which I never should dream of opening at dinner please me at breakfast, and *vice versa*." "Much," said Lamb, "depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up 'The Fairy Queen' for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes's sermons?" Why put all your poor intellects out of joint striving to keep pace with Plato through the realms of thought, when what would really soothe your tired brain, and send you to bed at peace with yourself and the world, would be — and you know it — Mr. Burnand's "Happy Thoughts"? Why break your brains over "Paradise Lost," when you are yearning, more fervently than ever Mrs. Blimber yearned to see Cicero in the flesh, for the "Ingoldsby Legends"? Neither Milton nor Plato will do you any good in those conditions, any more than cold water will do you good if you are sick of a fever, or the pantomime at the Lyceum give you any idea of Goethe's "Faust."

In a little book, most useful to all readers, whether they read to think, to write, or to talk, in the "Book-lover's Enchiridion," is a passage so much to the purpose that I cannot but quote it, at the risk of incurring De Quincey's malison on those who "benefit too much by quotations;" and I do so with the more confidence as it is from a writer unfamiliar, I suspect, to most of us; the most general reader has not impossibly excluded Dr. Channing from his course of "chewing" — so Mr. Harrison calls it; but you must chew to digest. He says, Dr. Channing, I mean: —

"The best books for a man are not always those which the wise recommend, but oftener those which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of his mind, and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought. And here it may be well to observe not only in regard to books, but in other respects, that self-culture must vary

with the individual. All means do not equally suit us all. A man must unfold himself freely, and should respect the peculiar gifts or biases by which nature has distinguished him from others. Self-culture does not demand the sacrifice of individuality, it does not regularly apply an established machinery, for the sake of torturing every man into one rigid shape, called perfection. As the human countenance, with the same features in us all, is diversified without end in the race, and is never the same in any two individuals, so the human soul, with the same grand powers and law, expands into an infinite variety of forms, and would be woefully stunted by modes of culture requiring all men to learn the same lesson, or to bend to the same rules."

I confess I think Mr. Harrison is a little too austere. Certainly a man who habitually passes his leisure in reading the police reports in the newspapers, or the speeches in the House of Commons, or dirty French novels, will not be likely to have much stomach for Homer, or Dante, or Milton, or Walter Scott. But I do think that there is a deal of literature — of reading, at any rate — beyond Mr. Harrison's circle that could do a man no harm, and as soothing, lightening, gilding the dark and heavy hours may even be said to do good. Mr. Ruskin said many years ago that he admitted no poetry but the very best, and then tells us that we had better read Cary's translation from Dante than "Paradise Lost." Mr. Harrison, at any rate, writes no nonsense; and on one side he warns us against expecting too much from his system of education.

"In the first place," he says, "when we speak about books, let us avoid the extravagance of expecting too much from books, the pedant's habit of extolling books as synonymous with education. Books are no more education than laws are virtue; and just as profligacy is easy within the strict limits of law, a boundless knowledge of books may be found with a narrow education. A man may be, as the poet says, 'deep versed in books, and shallow in himself.' We need to know in order that we may feel rightly and act wisely. The thirst after truth itself may be pushed to a degree where indulgence enfeebles our sympathies and unnerves us in action. Of all men perhaps the book-lover needs most to be reminded that man's business here is to know for the sake of living, not to live for the sake of knowing."

No one, I think, has ever written more wisely or more temperately on this subject than Mr. Harrison; and it is a subject on which so much intemperate foolishness has been written. To that foolishness I have no desire voluntarily to contribute. What shall be taken, and what left, I make no pretence to decide. Whether a man, or a woman, prefer Sir Arthur Helps to Marcus Aurelius, or Buddha to both, matters nothing to me. Let this man, if he chooses, place George Eliot by the side of Shakespeare; I am sure Shakespeare, in his infinite courtesy, will gladly go up higher to make room for her. The "windy suspirations of forced breath" Mr. Swinburne delights to blow against Byron do not irritate me as they seem to irritate so many pious souls. One supposes them to please Mr. Swinburne, and certainly they do no manner of harm to Byron. But I cannot see why we should not read everything that is good after its kind, and enjoy them all, each according to its kind. Lord Steyne was famous among epicures for his French cook and his cellar; yet he could dine off a boiled leg of mutton and turnips, and find that it was good. That, I submit, is the proper spirit for your true reader.

And so, it seems to me, I say again, that Mr. Harrison has written a little too austerely. He has, I think, fenced and bounded his subject round a little too rigidly; he has made the way more perilous still to those

dragon-warded fountains  
Where the springs of knowledge are.

Must a man enjoy his Homer and his Virgil one whit the less because he can read with pleasure for the hundredth time his "Lays of Ancient Rome" or his "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers"? Can he not love Keats without loathing Pope? Must he be incapable of appreciating the fun of Socrates discoursing philosophy from his basket, or Bacchus tugging at Charon's oar, because he can laugh consumedly at Lord Scamperdale or Mr. Verdant Green? I have read "Don Quixote" and "Robinson Crusoe" and the "Pilgrim's Progress" many times and hope to read them many times again; whether I truly appreciate them I cannot say, but I can honestly say that I like to read them. But I also read again the other day, after some lapse of time, Mr. Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White" and "Moonstone," and I must honestly say I enjoyed them both immensely. There are hours when I would sooner read certain chapters of

"Westward Ho!" than any other book that ever came from a printing-press. The other day I read a list of books drawn up by a lady for the edification of Sir John Lubbock's ideal working man; this list included Epictetus and Boethius and St. François de Sales's "Traité de l'Amour de Dieu," and Rousseau's "Confessions" — the last perhaps a rather queer sort of book for a gentlewoman to recommend to a working man. But surely no one will say that this erudite lady is less able to appreciate her Boethius because she has thumbed her Rousseau?

So long as our whims be not dangerous, do not lead us to the books which promote "filthiness and foolish talking," we may be content to read, I do think, as the whim seizes us; browsing at will, snatching a mouthful here and a mouthful there of such food as we have a mind for, and then, when the spirit is on us, sitting down to a real banquet with the immortals. There have been men, wise men, full men, who have learned much by this intermittent grazing, these half-hours not always with the best authors, and have counselled others to go and do so likewise. Come what come may, at least these odd half-hours will be better spent dipping into the books themselves than in taking the edge off such little appetites as nature may have granted us by cramming ourselves with a thousand different opinions about them. Against that vile practice, indeed, the face of Mr. Harrison is set most sternly. "We read a perfect library about the 'Paradise Lost,' but the 'Paradise Lost' itself we do not read. . . . A perpetual chatter about books chokes the seed which is sown in the greatest books of the world." It is, to be sure, no new practice, not particular to this age. More than a century ago the author of "The Library" had something to say on it.

Our nicer palates higher labors seek,  
Cloy'd with a folio-*Number* once a week;  
Bibles, with cuts and comments, thus go down:  
E'en light *Voltaire* is *number'd* through the town:

Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law,  
From men of study and from men of straw;  
Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,  
Pamphlets and plays, and politics and rhymes.

And Pope, as one or two may still remember, shot an arrow at the same mark before Crabbe.

Mr. Harrison says: "The true use of books is of such sacred value to us that to be simply entertained is to cease to be taught, elevated, inspired, by books; merely to gather information of a chance

kind is to close the mind to knowledge of the urgent kind." Surely not; surely a wholesome and cleanly entertainment is in certain moods, and to certain spirits, itself a teaching, an elevation; surely information, even of a chance kind, if it be good information, is no bad thing. Even if not fruit-bearing, to use Bacon's phrase, it may be light-bringing. I own I rather hold with another bit of counsel from Crabbe than with such stern prescriptions.

Go on! and, while the sons of care complain,  
Be wisely gay and innocently vain;  
While serious souls are by their fears undone,  
Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun.

We cannot all, at all hours, breathe the finer air of the highest heaven; happy he who can, but he who cannot need surely not despair. The lower earth has its seasons of fruitfulness, which are not always seasons of mist. A change of diet is wholesome for us who are compact of commoner clay. "It is not for kings, O Lemuel, it is not for kings to drink wine, nor for princes strong drink; lest they drink and forget the law, and pervert the judgment of any of the afflicted. Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty, and remember his misery no more."

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From The Spectator.

#### AGGRESSIVE IRRELIGION IN FRANCE.

THE new policy of the papacy, or, rather, the revival of its old policy, is succeeding in every country except France. Leo XIII., a wise and reflective man, with a deep belief in moderation, has evidently come to the conclusion that the attitude maintained by the Catholic episcopate from 1850 to 1881—an attitude which was practically one of conservatism in secular as well as ecclesiastical politics—must be modified, and that the Church, for the sake of independence in its own affairs, must accept all governments and all dominant opinions not inconsistent with its spiritual teaching. If the government is Protestant but irresistible, as in Germany, the papacy will accept and support it, provided the Church is left free from all State interference. If it is Catholic but liberal, as in Spain under Señor Sagasta, the Church will ally itself with the ministry, provided nothing is

done against what are regarded as the higher ecclesiastical interests. If the government is republican and agnostic, as in France, the Church will submit and wait, if only she is exempt from persecution. And if the popular movement, as in Ireland, is revolutionary, and on points even immoral, but carries all away, the Church will stand aloof from resistance, or even condone offences, if only she may be the ruling Church, and re-cement her sway over the young. These ideas, for some time past dominant in the Vatican, as we showed a fortnight since, have at last been accepted by the episcopate—after, as we conceive, a period of silent but strenuous resistance—and already their effect is becoming patent to the world. In Germany, Prince Bismarck, in the strangely suggestive speech delivered on Monday to the Prussian House of Lords, formally withdrew from the contest with Rome, promised the total abolition of the May Laws, and deliberately eulogized the papacy as far more impartial, more reasonable, and more statesmanlike than the local branches of the Catholic Church. We may be sure that the chancellor has arranged for his reward, and that in future Parliamentary opposition to his plans, though it cannot disappear, will be profoundly modified, the Ultramontane centre, which holds the balance of power, either supporting him, or breaking into fragments, according to its members' political ideas. In Spain, the premier, who has just secured a majority in the elections, announced on Tuesday that, in consequence of the "truly Christian" policy of Leo XIII., liberalism renounced its distrust of the clergy, and would seek a solution of the social problem, which was its most pressing business, in concert with them, and even in reliance on their initiative,—a declaration cordially endorsed by the nuncio, and understood to mean that education will be Catholic, and that the Church will support the monarchical Liberals and their queen-regent. In Ireland, finally, the Church has accepted home rule, has allied itself with the Parnellite party, and has, in return, been readmitted to a leading voice in the direction of the popular movement. The Catholic primate, who two years ago was nobody, is to-day the second man in Ireland. The consideration offered by the bishops in all three countries is large, in Ireland so large as to be inconsistent, in the judgment of many grave Catholics, with the claim of their Church to divine guidance;

but it has been offered, and the expected rewards are beginning to flow in. In Germany, the *Kulturkampf* has ended; in Spain, education will be Catholic; in Ireland, Dr. Walsh is, next to Mr. Parnell, the strongest person, and may yet supersede or dismiss his rival.

Only in France is there hesitation or refusal. The Archbishop of Paris, Cardinal Guibert, in the astonishingly eloquent manifesto which he published to France and the world last week, and which, but for the Irish question, would have attracted all eyes even in Protestant England, offered on behalf of the Catholic Church to accept and support the republic, if the republic would cease from persecuting. If the State would be but tolerant, he and his clergy would cease to interest themselves in the form of the State. Nobody who knows anything of cardinals, or archbishops, or Rome, doubts that this manifesto had received the previous approval of the papacy, or that it expressed a deliberate policy which should have been in the highest degree acceptable to republicans, if only because it makes republicanism possible to an Ultramontane. Yet what is the reply of the accredited representatives of the party? They voted on Tuesday, by 340 to 187, that the minister of justice, in sending soldiers to close an unlicensed Catholic chapel — soldiers who fired a volley, killing one person and wounding five — was entirely in the right. Legally, he was in the right, as there is a law authorizing the closing of such chapels, and the closing was resisted; but it may be taken as certain that the police could have done the work, that the motive was to terrify two vicars who insisted that the chapel was wanted, and that, but that the recalcitrants were priests, such measures would never have been employed. The minister, in fact, acted as if the priests were armed insurgents, and the Chamber, which will not fire on strikers who shed blood, approved his action. No one in France questions, though, of course, many justify, the animus of the proceeding, or doubts that the Radical majority intends to carry on the war against the Church by the same means, — that is, by the stringent application of every law, obsolete or new, which can in any way injure or affront the Church, or minimize her prestige in the eyes of the common people. All the Lent sermons preached in Paris this year are, for instance, to be reported by shorthand writers to M. Goblet. Such conduct almost forces the clergy into opposi-

tion; and the puzzle to onlookers is why politicians who know that, and who not only recognize but exaggerate the power of the Church, should prefer to excite her unwilling hostility to the republican system, rather than accept the peace — or, if you will, call it even truce — which she is at present offering. Many of the republican members are opportunists who on any other subject will agree to almost any compromise; many more are intensely solicitous of votes; and the vast majority are sincere in wishing the republic to continue, yet rather than conclude a truce with the Church, they will endanger their seats, and the future of the system they admire. Why? Why, to be quite clear, do not Frenchmen adopt the course which Mr. J. Morley, in one of the most striking passages of his writings, said ought to be adopted? —

You, he might have said to the priests — you have so debilitated the minds of men and women by your promises and your dreams, that many a generation must come and go before Europe can throw off the yoke of your superstition. But we promise you that they shall be generations of strenuous battle. We give you all the advantage that you can get from the sincerity and pious worth of the good and simple among you. We give you all that the bad among you may get by resort to the poisoned weapons of your profession and your traditions — its bribes to mental indolence, its hypocritical affectations in the pulpit, its tyranny in the closet, its false speciousness in the world, its menace at the deathbed. With all these you may do your worst, and still humanity will escape you; still the conscience of the race will rise away from you, still the growth of brighter ideals and a nobler purpose will go on, leaving ever further and further behind them your dwarfed finality and leaden, moveless stereotype. We shall pass you by on your flank, your fieriest darts will only spend themselves upon air. We will not attack you as Voltaire did. We will not exterminate you; we shall explain you. History will place your dogma in its class, above or below a hundred competing dogmas, exactly as the naturalist classifies his species. From being a conviction, it will sink to a curiosity; from being a guide to millions of human lives, it will dwindle down to a chapter in a book. As history explains your dogma, so science will dry it up; the conception of law will silently make the conception of the daily miracle of your altars seem impossible; the mental climate will gradually deprive your symbols of your nourishment, and men will turn their backs upon your system, not because they confuted it, but because, like witchcraft or astrology, it has ceased to interest them. The great ship of your Church, once so stout and fair, and well laden with good destinies, is become a skeleton ship;

it is a phantom hulk, with warped planks and sere canvas, and you who work it are no more than the ghosts of dead men, and at the hour when you seem to have reached the bay, down your ship will sink like lead or like stone to the deepest bottom. (*Critical Miscellanies*, Chapman and Hall, Second Series, pp. 90, 91.)

That would be the course natural to the French genius; and why upon this one question, which ought not to seem to them one of the first concern, are they so insensible to all arguments drawn from expediency, self-interest, and common sense, that they are careless to keep up even an outward semblance of impartiality, and are ready to treat men who are, at all events, citizens, as if they were public enemies? The usual answer is that they are fanatics for irreligion, that they positively hate the system of thought of which the Church is the exponent, and that opportunity offering the expression of this hatred gives them deep gratification. They feel when insulting the Church as Parnellites feel when irritating England, or as roughs feel when jeering at respectables. That explanation is, no doubt, partially true. The Frenchman's dislike of Christianity, when he dislikes it, is constantly a fanaticism, an impulse which, like some Orangemen's hatred of Rome, seems irrepressible by time, opportunity, or place. He loathes it, and wants to express his loathing, even if he is, as minister of religion, responsible for maintaining the detested system. He thinks of it as, no doubt, the Christian bishops once thought of the dying paganism, as an evil and detestable thing, a baleful superstition; and as it is not strong enough to fight, he desires to extinguish it by force. If he could make it penal to attend the mass, he would, just as the Christian emperors made it penal to attend sacrifices to Venus or to Jove. That is true, and is the secret, in part, of the aggressive irreligion of France; but there is, we believe, something more. Persecution of this kind is so alien to the modern spirit, and the conviction of the French majority that Christianity is dead is so complete, that something more is required to explain a malignity which sometimes seems hardly sane,—as, for example, when a republican atheist of the advanced type is threatened with boycotting for attending the religious portion of his daughter's marriage, which, nevertheless, he is not expected to forbid. That something is the adoption with hearty faith of another creed, which the agnostic French-

man calls sometimes science, sometimes enlightenment, and sometimes modern thought, which he believes to be absolutely true, and from which, if it could only be made triumphant, he expects the happy and contented earth—the Utopia, in fact—which the Frenchman since 1789 has never long ceased to seek. He looks through and beyond Christianity to a world which he thinks will be a happier one for him, and will not, even to protect his political system, give up or postpone his dream. He even grows restless when at rest, seeks opportunities of removing the obstacle, and regards every blow, no matter how feeble, as a help towards a clearance. He cannot be patient, cannot tolerate, cannot wait for a slow movement of opinion, which he nevertheless believes to be all on his side, because he hopes to establish another and wiser system, which will rid him of the evils he feels. The enthusiasm which the socialist feels against society as an obstacle in the way of his millennium, when all shall labor and none be superior, is felt by the French atheist against religion, and the Church which is the only teacher of religion that he knows. There is hope inside his strange fanaticism, the hope of the visionary, and unless we recognize that as well as the hatred, we shall never understand why the Frenchman enjoys blows at the Church which seem unworthy of his intelligence, why he rejects truce even when truce would prosper him, and what is the real extent of the danger that one great European country, full of vivid life and intellectual energy, may break utterly away from Christianity, and establish in the centre of Europe a civilization with no restraints save "reason," which means the opinion of the majority, and "scientific truth," which means the conjectured result of inductive experiments in living.

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From St. James's Gazette.

#### FASHION IN FLOWERS.

FEW people, except the very rich and those who serve them, have any idea of what is spent in the London season on flowers. It is true that there are florists' shops all over London, and everybody can see that there must be an immense sale of flowers in order to keep these shops open. But the trade of the ordinary florist is a comparatively small one. The taste for flowers is universal, and many people will spend sixpence or a shilling a day on them,

and a sovereign now and then for decking a dinner-table. It is by these that the ordinary florist exists. But the two or three eminent flower-sellers who serve the very rich drive a very different trade. With them ten or fifteen guineas is no unusual price for a bouquet. The prices paid when they decorate a dinner-table, or crowd a house with flowers for a great reception, are something almost fabulous, and sometimes nearly scandalous. But then, to please the people of fashion a florist must be little short of a genius. There is only one way by which to keep the favor of the luxurious classes, and that is by perpetually supplying them with something new. In every trade this is the first necessity, and only those who manage to rise to it ever attain to the front rank.

It would seem that when one is dealing with natural products unending novelty is impossible. And so in theory it is. But with every successive flower season there comes a new fashion. The great growers devote themselves to producing new colors. In the last chrysanthemum season there was a glorious new color — the richest deepest brown, with yellow at the heart. When the narcissus came in, the choice specimens of it were of a fine sulphur shade. Two new pelargoniums have appeared in the select London market in the last month; their claim to notice lying in special brilliance and depth of tint. But perhaps the greatest efforts are made with the rose and the orchid. The strange beauty of some orchids is something to dream of. This winter an orchid has held the place of honor. A single blossom of it is used in the centre of a bouquet, or it is employed as the crowning point of a piece of decoration. It is a wonderful-looking flower, with two long slender white wings and a faint flush of pink at its heart. So far it has been the splendid centre of nearly every choice bridal bouquet of this season. A plant of it is worth much; but the new beauty will presently lose its pre-eminent position, and another of its species will take its place. Among roses the great novelty of the season as yet has been the Catherine Mermet, which in New York has been the rage for some time. It is a rare pink, shading right through from a positively brown pink to the palest shade of silvery pink. Some glorious bouquets of this rose were carried at the last drawing-room. The Safrano rose is a strong rival to the Catherine Mermet, its shade being of a most beautiful pale yellow; and this

season yellow is a favorite color both in Paris and London. The production of new varieties and tints is, of course, the work of the great growers, and the florists pay heavily to get the choicest results of that work.

Then comes the artistic labor of the florist himself. He must ceaselessly invent new styles and modes of decoration. It is a sight worth seeing, the interior of a great floral establishment just before a drawing room, or at the height of the season when there are numbers of dinners and receptions every night. This feverish state of things has already begun, though it is by no means yet in full swing. With every day now the work grows heavier. And it is distinctly skilled labor; only specially trained as well as specially gifted workers are of any use in it. The flowers come in packed in cotton wool, or sometimes protected by their own leaves; they are kept like this in cool cellars till they are wanted. The pale rosebuds and rich roses never see the light from the time they are picked till they are brought out to be wired and made up. The care of them is an anxiety even to those who thoroughly understand the business. Quantities of valuable material has of necessity to be wasted. Many of the exotics are so delicate and so highly forced that they will but just last their short hour of beauty when the greatest care is taken of them. Think what this means when there are fifty to a hundred drawing-room bouquets to make up, or two or three sets of reception-rooms to decorate for one evening; for there is a certain amount of actual work expended on the placing of every flower. Many of the drawing-room bouquets have to be made the day before and kept in the dark, in the right temperature, until the time when they are to be sent home. Skilled workers are busy at the wiring and arranging and shaping from morning till night; but over them there must be some one person, the genius of the place, whose mind invents and whose hand gives the final touch.

The traditional bouquet has now a powerful rival in the "posy," which came out last season and is this year greatly in favor. So far, only one house in London produces it. The posy is an excellent imitation of a perfectly natural bunch of flowers, fresh picked from the garden. Every blossom stands out by itself and shows; there is no paper round it, but the stalks are simply tied with ribbons to match the dress of the wearer. These

ribbons are often left in long ends, which are caught together again with a blossom or two. Muffs made entirely of flowers have been a fashion for bridesmaids, instead of carrying flowers during this cold spring. The skill and taste necessary to make these flower-muffs successfully is very great.

The newest color for table decorations, only out about a week or two, is a vivid crimson. All kinds of flowers are produced in this color to be used together. The crimson is relieved only with green, and the white table-cloth forms the ground. It should only be ventured upon in a dining-room furnished in a soft and neutral tint; and the color with which the lights are shaded has to be considered. Trails of flowers laid on the table-cloth are still a favorite form of decoration.

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From The Spectator.

#### THE GERMAN PEASANTRY.

A VERY interesting report on the condition of the peasantry of the German Empire has been written by the Vicomte Rorric de Beaucaire, secretary of the French embassy at Berlin. It is the first of a series of reports which the French minister of foreign affairs has directed the representatives of France in foreign countries to prepare, at the instance of the minister of agriculture, who is anxious to gain information as to the best means of ameliorating the condition of the French rural laborers, so as to render them contented with country life, and thus to check that excessive migration to the towns which is at least as great a trouble in France as it is in our own country. An examination of the population statistics shows that there had been in Germany, at any rate up to 1880, a considerable drain from the rural districts to the towns. Putting all places of more than two thousand inhabitants in the latter category, the vicomte found that from 1871 to 1880, the rural population had been nearly stationary, the numbers being 26,219,352 in the former year, and 26,513,531 in the latter; while in the urban districts there was a large increase, from 14,790,798 to 18,750,530. In proportion to the total population, the number of rural inhabitants was 63.93 per cent. in 1871, and 58.61 per cent. in 1880; whereas the urban population had risen from 36.1 per cent. in 1871, to 41.4 per cent. in 1880. Since 1880, there is reason to believe that the

migration has been checked, though not stopped; but apparently no later exact statistics than those of that year were available to the writer of the report. As in France and in England, the migration has been chiefly to the large towns of Germany, those containing one hundred thousand inhabitants or more, in which the percentage of people to the total population of the empire rose from 4.8 in 1871, to 7.24 in 1880. Attention is also called to the emigration to foreign countries and German colonies, which rose from 75,912 in 1871, to 210,547 in 1881. The average annual increase of population in Germany is 493,360, nearly half of which number left the country in 1881, in spite of all possible indirect impediments placed in the way of emigration by the government.

The next division of the inquiry was as to the consequences of the migration of rural laborers to the towns, and particularly as to the effect upon agricultural wages. This inquiry was somewhat complicated by the fact that in many parts of Germany farm wages are paid partly or wholly in kind. There appears to have been a general rise in wages during the past twenty years, though recently there has been a drop in some parts of the country. From 1s. 6d. to 2s. per day without food, and about half as much with food, appear to be the most common rates of wages for men, women getting from one-half to two-thirds of the men's wages. Men employed by the year, living with their masters, commonly get from £10 to £15 a year. In some parts of the country there are lower, and in other parts higher, wages than these, both by the day and by the year. As little as 10d. to 1s. per day is paid in some districts, but generally with food and beer, or beer only. Where the beetroot is cultivated, wages are generally higher than any mentioned above, as much as 2s. 6d. a day, doubled in harvest, or £25 a year in the house, being paid. It is to be borne in mind that many of the day-laborers have little plots of land of their own, while in other cases it is the custom of their employers to let small plots to them at low rents. Labor appears to be plentiful in nearly all parts of the German Empire.

In France, through the migration of agricultural workmen to the towns, labor in many districts is scarce, and the farmers complain that wages have risen beyond what they can afford to pay. The question, then, was, why the same results had not followed the like migration in Germany.

In answering this, the Vicomte de Beaucaire first points out that, while the rural population in France decreased from 24,928,392 in 1876, to 24,575,506 in 1881, that of Germany, as already shown, had not ceased to increase slightly, in spite of the drain upon it. It is true that the density of population in the rural districts of Germany is only slightly greater than it is in France, being 49.07 per square kilometre in the former, to 46.48 in the latter; but a density ample for one country is not necessarily so for another country, and there must be a difference in the effects upon wages of a growing population, with its increasing need of employment, and a diminishing population, with its decreasing demand for work. In addition the vicomte gives some special reasons to account for the general abundance of labor in Germany. He points out that the system of inheritance by the eldest or youngest son, prevailing throughout the greater part of Germany, throws a greater number of young men upon the labor market than the system of equal division of landed property current in France, only partially operative though it be. He also lays some stress upon the fact that the German peasant proprietors are usually heavily indebted to the village usurers, a class of parasites unknown in France, and that they are for that reason obliged to earn all that they can by labor for other persons, in order to meet their liabilities. Still, the fact that, somehow, the temptation to leave the rural districts is less powerful in Germany than it is in France, remains to be accounted for, and the explanations given to account for this difference form the most interesting portion of the report before us.

Among the causes of the comparative contentment of the German peasantry, according to the Vicomte de Beaucaire, greater simplicity of manners and a lower standard of living than prevail in France are to be considered. Attention is also called to the happy relations existing between the great proprietors and the peasantry. These relations appear to be of a patriarchal character. The peasants regard the great landowners with reverence and without envy, and there never has been any bad feeling between the two classes. It is true that there has been a revolution of the German land system, and that those who were once serfs have been set free; but that revolution was effected for, and not by, the peasantry, who were never roused, as the people of France were, to rise against and overthrow

those who had power over them. Thus, there has not been anything to embitter the patriarchal relations, which date from a remote period, and while the peasant still looks up to the great proprietor, the latter, in his turn, still discharges to a great extent the functions of a petty providence which were expected of his ancestor who was the lord of many serfs. The wealthy proprietors support hospitals and schools, pension off in old age the men who have worked for them in the prime of life, and exercise charity and kindness among the people on their estates, all known to them personally. The smaller landowners often approach the peasants in their mode of living, speak their language, hunt with them, dress but little better, and generally treat them pretty well as equals. Politicians, too, though not always wisely, have done their utmost to give contentment to the German peasantry, the peasant having for some years been as great a favorite among politicians in Germany as he is at the present time in England. Various schemes for his benefit have been carried out,—some with advantage and others without good effect. The vicomte writes: "To-day, in the whole empire, a great movement of opinion, a little artificial, perhaps, at the outset, but none the less genuine, exists in favor of the agricultural classes. Everything falls in with this current of thought,—the laws proposed in the Chambers, measures taken by the executive, enterprises due to private initiative." Numerous associations have been created among the peasants to protect their interests and to promote the advancement of agriculture. Gifts of lands by individuals have been common, and the use of plots of land in return for services rendered has been frequently granted. These advantages, and the creation of agricultural labor colonies, in the opinion of the Vicomte de Beaucaire, have done more to retain agricultural laborers in the rural districts than all the efforts made by the State. One great project of the Prussian government, of which marvels were expected, is described as a failure. When M. Camphausen was minister of finances, he caused to be detached from the crown lands in Pomerania parcels of land small enough to be easily purchased by the peasants; but either because the price was set too high, or because funds were lacking among the inhabitants of the district, the scheme did not answer its purpose. In east Prussia, too, similar offers of land were made, with no other result than to attract from Prus-

sian Poland a number of purchasers, whose arrival caused great dissatisfaction among the German inhabitants. These failures discouraged similar schemes that would have been carried out elsewhere; but it is believed by many of their advocates that they would have succeeded if the purchase money had been advanced by the State. Other attempts to give contentment to the peasantry are duties on foreign corn, lately increased, duties on most other foreign agricultural products, and the reduction of taxes specially burdensome to inhabitants of the rural districts. The shifting of the burden of taxation to a considerable extent from real to personal property is strongly advocated, and one of the projects having this object in view, that of taxing the operations of the Bourse, has lately been agreed to by Parliament. Another measure adopted for the advantage of the cultivators is the creation of the Superior Council of Agriculture (*Landwirthschaftsrath*). Recently, too, much attention has been given by the government to the proposed formation of agricultural credit banks generally throughout the empire. For many years banks, some guaranteed by the State and some private, which advance money to landed proprietors, large and small, on mortgage or other satisfactory security, have existed in all the provinces of Germany; but for some reasons they have not been used very generally by the peasant proprietors, who still go to the village usurers for advances, which they can obtain only at ruinous interest. At present the institutions of the kind which have proved most suitable to the requirements of the small cultivators are the mutual-loan banks, first established by M. Raiffeisen, and already existing in considerable numbers in several provinces of Germany. On account of the smallness of the capital possessed by these institutions, however, it is feared that they would not be able to withstand a serious financial crisis; and for that reason the government has but slightly encouraged them.

As in other countries where peasant-proprietorship prevails, the excessive division of land has occasioned much distress in Germany. In the districts of Trèves and Coblenz 4,972,420 *Morgen* are divided into 8,065,369 parcels, or an average of about half an acre to each little holding. Several parcels are sometimes owned by one proprietor; but the inconvenience of the separated plots is very great. Since the beginning of the present

century various laws have been framed to check such excessive subdivision as this, the most recent being an act passed in 1885. Some good has been done by this legislation, especially by that promoting exchanges of plots among proprietors who own scattered portions of land, and the law of primogeniture, where it exists, has also checked excessive subdivision; but the evil has increased in spite of all checks. Where the law of compulsory division exists, it is now proposed to extend the right of bequest by the father of a family which is in force in a portion of the empire. In summing up his interesting article, the Vicomte de Beaucaire says that although the migration of rural laborers to the towns has been complained of in Germany, as in France, it has not produced such injurious results in the former country as in the latter, and it is, moreover, slackening at the present time. The means taken, and those likely to be adopted, for rendering the lot of the German peasantry more satisfactory than it has been are, he thinks, likely to effect their purpose, and he sees no reason to fear, at any rate in the near future, any such depopulation of the rural districts as would threaten the prosperity of agriculture.

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From The Saturday Review.

#### THE CLOSE OF THE CULTURKAMPF.

THE speech of Prince Bismarck and the vote of the Upper House of the Prussian Chamber on Monday last may be regarded as virtually bringing the *Culturkampf* in Germany to an end. The famous *Maigesetze* or *Falkgesetze* — as they are variously named, from the date of their introduction or from the minister who had the charge of introducing them — were really Prince Bismarck's laws, as he is now the real author of their abrogation, and their history is an instructive one. There is a curious analogy in some respects, and in others a no less obvious contrast, between the May Laws and our own abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Act. Both were special *privilegia* directed against a particular — and the same particular — Church; both were at once irritating and offensive to those at whom they were aimed, and, for any practical service to the interests supposed to be imperilled, wholly useless; both were enacted and abolished in the lifetime of their author and with his consent, though Lord Russell did not, like Prince Bis-

marck, take any active part in strangling his own progeny. And both, it may be added, have served on the whole, though in different ways, to bring a blessing on those whom their originators wished, or professed to wish, to curse altogether. On the other hand Lord Russell's abortive measure had more of plausible excuse in what Mr. Greville calls "a most disgusting and humiliating agitation, founded on prejudice and gross ignorance," while it had less semblance of reasonable justification than Prince Bismarck's. It was at least an intelligible view that the late pope and those who acted with him were desirous of impeding German unity, while there was no ground whatever for assuming that it mattered twopence to the queen and constitution of Great Britain whether the ecclesiastical rulers of the English Roman Catholics chose to call themselves vicars apostolic or diocesan bishops. And, moreover, while the English premier barked, without seriously attempting to bite — never a very dignified or profitable procedure — the German chancellor discharged what was by no means a *brutum fulmen* at the heads of his victims, though it could be no adequate safeguard against the dangers, had they really existed, which he professed himself anxious to avert. He could hardly of course be expected to admit as much as that himself, but he has frankly avowed that "the May Laws had pretty well outlived their original purpose, which was a temporary and combative one;" he says he had never, and has not even yet, made himself acquainted with all their details; that he regarded them at the time "as a melancholy necessity," but not as "a palladium of the State," and that he never intended them to be permanent. He had declared "he would not go to Canossa," and to that declaration he still adheres; but though he would not go to Canossa, he expressly informs us that he resolved to go to Rome, and that he holds deliberately to that resolution. On the accession of the present pope he determined to open negotiations with him, and preferred this course to negotiating with the so-called Catholic party at home. "Pope Leo XIII. has more good will and interest for the consolidation of the German Empire than the majority of the German Parliament . . . he is a wise, moderate, and pacific gentleman, which cannot be said of all the members of the *Reichstag* majority." In short, the attitude of the late and the present pope reminds one very much of the old fable of the North Wind

and the Sun. It is one thing to have to deal with an irreconcilable pontiff who only meets you with a *non possumus*, quite another thing to negotiate with a pontiff who, instead of summoning you to Canossa, indites a letter full of compliments to "the illustrious chancellor," and bestows on him the order of Christ, set in brilliants, the highest secular distinction in his power to confer, and one never before conferred on a Protestant. If Leo XIII. could obtain in France the peaceful triumph his wisdom and moderation — which Prince Bismarck does not exaggerate — have already gained for his cause in Germany, he might indeed feel that he had not reigned in vain.

Meanwhile this little historical episode of the *Culturkampf* and the May Laws — which will not have remained on the German statute-book much more than half the time the toothless Ecclesiastical Titles Act disfigured our own — is instructive under several aspects. Some years ago, when calling attention in these columns to the first menace of such legislation, we observed that there was nothing in his character or antecedents to lead us to credit the prince chancellor with any marked religious antipathies, and that "his political instincts would probably incline him to favor rather than to distrust a Church with fixed dogmas and a strongly organized hierarchy." To that opinion we adhere, and Prince Bismarck's recent language about the pope's not being "a Liberalist or a Social Democrat" tends to confirm it. In condescending to humor the No Popery cry of 1850 Lord John Russell, as he then was, knew well that he was simply yielding to a foolish and fruitless agitation in which he did not himself believe. If he had sincerely thought the constitution in danger, it was his imperative duty to provide securities which were not studiously rendered illusory before being placed on the statute-book. But there is no reason to doubt that Prince Bismarck imagined he was confronted with a real danger, and the Falk Laws, ineffectual as they necessarily were for any useful purpose, were no mere piece of ornamental verbiage. Their administration did for the time very seriously — and, as it appeared to most impartial onlookers, very unjustly — hamper the ordinary discipline and pastoral life of the Catholic Church in Germany. There is no need to go back here upon details sufficiently discussed at the time, and which the author of that legislation tells us he has even now failed adequately to

master. But it is quite certain that some of the principal details constituted, from the received Roman Catholic standpoint, as direct and fatal a violation of the rights and liberties of the Church as the famous Auchterarder case in Scotland thirty years earlier constituted from the Presbyterian point of view. And in such controversies statesmen, however powerful and resolute, are apt to come off second best in the long run, because they are dealing with immaterial forces which they can neither gauge nor control. This was the fundamental flaw of Prince Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy, even assuming that his estimate of the situation was a correct one, whereas he — to say the least — considerably exaggerated the hostile attitude of his supposed opponents. But in fact his policy was not merely ineffective; it directly served to strengthen the hands of his rivals. He committed in statecraft an analogous error to that of the logicians who undertake to prove too much.

It was natural enough that governments, especially those like Prussia with a large body of Catholic subjects, should take alarm at the startling novelties put forth at the Vatican Council. And if the Prussian government had been content to offer its support in all legitimate ways to that section — at first a very considerable one among both clergy and laity — of German Catholics who resented and repudiated the new teaching thrust upon them, in the teeth of the solemn and explicit declarations of their own bishops on the eve of their departure for Rome, it would have been entirely within its rights and would have occupied a very strong position. The bishops who had eaten their own words after the Council had provoked a storm of indignation, and what was called the Old Catholic movement was steadily growing, in the only way it could attain an effectual and lasting influence, within the borders of the Church. The Romanizing bishops, as the German phrase runs, had made themselves unpopular and a little ridiculous, and their leading man, Ketteler, who had been a prominent anti-infallibilist at the Council, might fairly enough be called upon to answer his own arguments, before he essayed to convert others to the tenets he had already himself so vigorously refuted. But when the political campaign was opened in force, not against any novel or questionable claim, but against the recognized and reasonable independence of the hierarchy in the ordinary administration of the Church;

when a system of minute and vexatious interference was organized between bishop and priest, priest and penitent; when the government insisted on meddling with all the details of clerical education and appointments to benefices, and promptly visited resistance with suspension and imprisonment, so that after a while several sees and hundreds of parishes were left vacant, — revulsion of feeling naturally ensued, and thus the bishops were rehabilitated and the Old Catholics discredited by no merits or demerits of their own. That the Old Catholic leaders, such as Bishop Reinkens, helped to damage their own cause by too readily throwing themselves into the arms of what was looked upon not without some reason as a persecuting government, may be true. But the government policy, apart from such aid, had done for their opponents what they could never have done for themselves. It had made their position once more a respectable one; it had given them a strong case; and had even been indiscreet enough to invest them with something of the honors of martyrdom. It had done for them on a larger scale what the Public Worship Act did for the Ritualists; it imposed by violent means indefensible restraints on conscience. And, like all such methods of policy, it has broken down. To be sure the infallibilist policy of Pius IX. broke down also; it created the difficulty, but could not solve it. But a statesman like Bismarck could hardly fail to entertain for such a pope as Leo XIII. something of the feeling which prompted Queen Elizabeth to say that there was only one man in Europe fit to marry her, and that was Sixtus V. The *Culturkampf* originated in an honest, if rather blundering, distrust of ecclesiastical aggression, and it finds a solution in the mutual respect of prince and pontiff, who understand that their interests do not clash, but coincide. The fierce onslaught of the French republican government on the Church is a very different matter; it means an attack on religion. And its termination depends not so much on the wisdom and statesmanship of the pope as on the survival or decadence of the religious sentiment in France. In Prussia Leo XIII. has had to deal with the most powerful, practical, and straightforward of living statesmen; in France he is confronted by a shifting coterie of feeble and fanatical politicians, whose intolerance is none the less virulent because it takes the shape of fanatical atheism.